The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1717 DEC. 17, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE SPHERE

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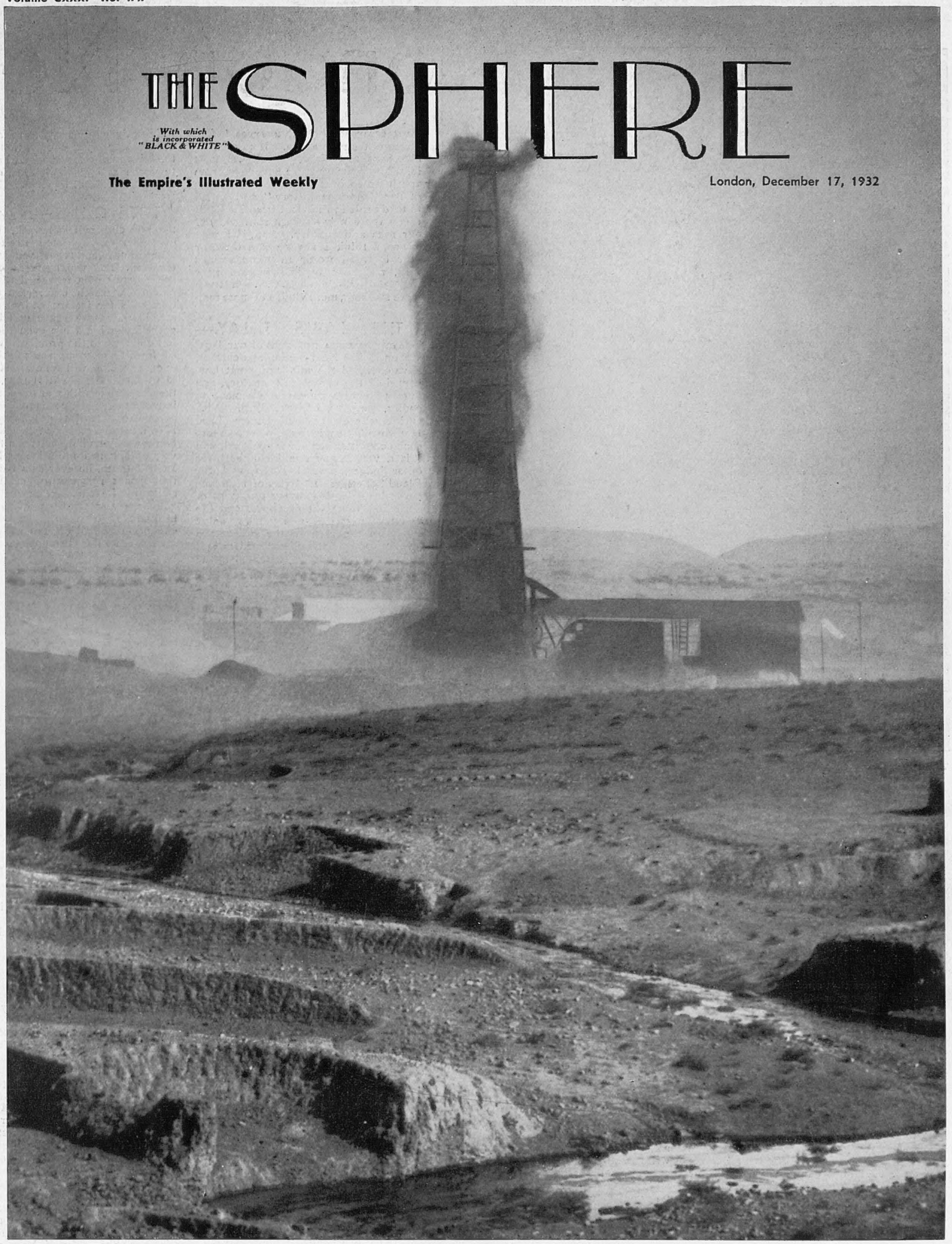
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 17, 1932



LIQUID MILLIONS GUSHING to the SKY

An Oil-well in Kirkuk, Iraq, Spouting Its Priceless Liquid in a Solid Column from the Ground

Iraq, now a member of the League of Nations, is a country with great potentialities. She has oil as well as other minerals. The latest fields to be tapped are those of Kirkuk, lying some eighty-five miles south-west of Mosul. Several wells have been sunk and "corked" pending the completion of the pipe-line by which the oil will be carried to Haifa, on the Palestine coast, for distribution to the world. The pipe-line is destined to cross 600 miles of desert. It is the Iraqi oil which has, to a great extent, and coupled with the wane of British prestige in Persia, precipitated the present crisis with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, an article on whose history appears on p. 462

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

THE WEDDING OF THE WINTER: Mr. John Bailey, son of Sir Abe Bailey, the South African millionaire and patriot, and Miss Diana Churchill, the daughter of our most versatile and energetic politician, Mr. Winston Churchill, after their marriage at St. Margaret's. The bride's frock was cut on mediæval lines, and she carried a prayer-book in place of the more usual bouquet. Miss Churchill was attended by six bridesmaids between the ages of eighteen and ten, two of whom were her sisters

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 14, 1932.

AN ANÆMIC LION.—

Of course it will all be put right when the millennium comes along, but meanwhile what are the Black Prince, Drake, Nelson, Wellington, nay Palmerston, saying about the British Lion to-day, if indeed they can still endure to haunt the cage where that once terrible and proud animal now mopes before the eyes of an impudent crowd? It is not only the season of peace and goodwill, it is also the age when these blessings are earnestly sought (without much progress), and the British Lion, in common with lesser animals, must conform to the fashion and rick its neck in the endeavour to turn the other cheek or present its tail to be twisted. Yet the other night the News Bulletin items were almost too depressing for a lover of England to endure without tears. For it was one long list of snubs to our poor humble Micawber of a nation. We asked for an apology for a flagrant impertinence from the Soviet Government and we were told to go to the devil. We sent an ultimatum to Persia and were told to go to the devil. Whereupon—terrified at what Mr. Lansbury might say—we murmured something about making a complaint to the proper quarter. And America has consigned our humble petition to the devil, and our own debtors have sent us in the same direction. Upon my soul (Christmas or not) the humiliation which our country is undergoing to secure the ideals of international brotherhood, peace, and understanding, and to give effect to the ideals of democracy, are rapidly turning me for the first time into a Junker, a retrograde, a Palmerston man. My fingers itch to insert a cracker in the cage and open the door.

A STARTLING TRUTH.—

These are, of course, wicked thoughts which must be repressed. It takes time—we do not yet know how many generations or centuries of time—to readjust our historical standards of national greatness. Christianity has had time to readjust since the age of Barbarism our standards of true greatness in the individual man; but it has not yet more than begun to turn its attention to new standards in regard to nations. Christianity has taught us that peace, gentleness, humility, and self-sacrifice are the crowning virtues that make a man great. Now we are to begin over again that hard lesson and to learn that these same virtues best become a nation; also, we have got to burn our history books in the market-place. We must forget all that has been written of the glory of Britain, won by force of arms, by the Elizabethan seamen, the soldiers of Marlborough and Wellington, and the sailors of Nelson. Heaven knows I write in no sarcastic tone. I do but stress how bitter hard this new lesson will be. We have so much to unlearn, so much to forget, so much still to take on trust. England practising the restraint and humility, which in the bad old days were virtues of necessity for third-class powers, is an experience at present both bitter and humiliating. Our only way to approving this new national attitude is to appreciate its essential logic. Our attitude towards the recent action of Japan in regard to Manchuria for ever estops us, unless we abandon not only logic but all sense of humour, from dealing with Persia (for example) in the "Palmerston manner." We have abandoned the "gun-boat" answer for all time; the days are gone by when we impose our will on a small power by "sending a warship to the gulf." The lion and the mouse are two equals and must compose their differences before a committee of the Zoo. It is unbearably hard to endure, just at first, isn't it? The pity is that we have been from youth up encouraged to read the pages of our "glorious history" and urged to take pride in the great tradition (built up on these now outworn standards) of our race and country. And, if I may say so, I think I never wrote three or four hundred words in more serious vein, nor ever clothed in the poor motley of ill-chosen phrases a truth more startling, more vital, and more real.

THE LAW'S DELAY.—

The cumbersome processes of our legal system, which has been built on custom, have occupied the minds of great lawyers since the seventeenth century, and in every generation efforts are made to codify, simplify, and speed up. With curiously poor results. Under Lord Hanworth's chairmanship one more such committee has been appointed, and it is a very strong one, including three other judges, several K.C.s, and Sir Claud Schuster. Its terms of reference cover investigation of the questions of curtailing the right of appeal and the length of vacations, two items of delay which to the man in the street have long seemed worthy of reconsideration. Another question to be examined is the system of Assize, which at present removes from the London courts far too many judges for very long periods. And once more the Grand Jury question will be ventilated, although I believe a majority of law experts and of the public deprecate the removal of this ancient safeguard. While one hopes for the best from this new investigation, it is impossible to disregard the signs of the times. The law of the land is largely administered by volunteers, and chairmen of Quarter Sessions who represent these "volunteers" have been widely announcing that a new and increasingly heavy responsibility has of late been thrown on that body—a burden too heavy to be borne, a burden which could only be shifted by a transfer of jurisdiction *to* London. Cases of larceny in newly populated suburbs, and motoring offences all over the country, are largely responsible for this increase.

THE RAIL WAY—OUT.—

Before ever the recent presentation of their cases by the railways and the unions took place, each side was well aware that neither desired a strike and that a strike could not be averted except by official intervention or outside action. Each side was preparing to state a bedrock case; neither believed that it had anything in hand to bargain with. The unions regard 40s. a week as bedrock and are ready to die in the last ditch for that principle. The railways are frankly without confidence that a 10 per cent. cut in wages is the last word. And the truth of the matter—it has long been realized—is that, wage cuts or none, the "proprietors" of the railways—the ordinary stockholders (whom Mr. Bromley believes are all capitalists grinding the faces of the poor)—are doomed unless there is a trade revival on a substantial scale in double-quick time, or unless the Government steps in and, by implementing certain recommendations of the Salter Report, forces back to the railways at the eleventh hour freights which keen competition from new and un-waterlogged rivals has fairly filched from them. The Government's position is a difficult one. Not to consider early and seriously the recommendations of the Salter Report is to remove our last vestige of respect for the ancient expedient of Royal and Parliamentary Commissions. To hold out a hand to save the railways in their darkest hour appeals to every sane man's common sense and chivalry. But what a nightmare to a democratic government to find that the only means of helping them is to throw obstacles in the path of a young and brilliant and important new industry—one of our modern prides—whose success has been as much due to initiative and energy as to favourable circumstances for competition, due not to Government favouritism, but purely to youth and good fortune, or rather the misfortunes of its rival.

TOTE CLUBS.—

In a debate on the tote club evil last week, the House of Lords distinguished itself by the moderation, good sense, and knowledge revealed. That very moderation stressed the urgency of a new evil of the first magnitude which unforeseen (as ever) now calls for instant action. Unforeseen! In matters grave or trivial how pathetically blind are even the pundits in public life to the problems which will confront them to-morrow; to the consequences which will follow their actions of to-day! Certain it is that, whether the tote club is within or outside the law, immediate legislation is called for to avert a social evil of grave importance. Man must live on hope; in good times, he draws that vital fuel from the reservoir of his own initiative and energy. In bad times, he ever sets his eyes on the distant prospect of catching the smile of fortune. Some time ago, abundant and startling evidence was forthcoming of the havoc which the sweep mania had created with the life savings of the Irish peasantry and workers. The "tote" was added to our national institutions with acclamation, yet the evils which would spring from it were easily to be foreseen. The tote club is nothing new; it is simply the application of an old device to new opportunity. And tote clubs—with their easy harvest from drink and gambling—are multiplying in all districts where men, bereft of the clean and sane springs of hope, are crowded together. A few months more and the evil done may well be irreparable. The Government, it seems, recognizes the existence of the evil, but because the time of Parliament is mortgaged up to the hilt, its promises of action are non-committal and guarded. One dreads to hear that fatal decision announced: "The Government regrets that it sees no hope during the present session . . ."

THEATRE SEAT PRICES.—

Sydney Carroll spoke sound sense when he wrote last week that "no play ever was or ever will be worth paying 14s. to see." Like all grains of truth, this statement needs digestion. It is hyperbolical as such utterances must be if they are intended to be heard by the crowd. I can think of at least a dozen great experiences at the theatres in the course of my life which—judged in relation to my annual expenditure on recreation and diversion—were worth to me twenty times the outlay on the tickets. One cannot estimate in cash the value, educational and emotional, of one's first discovery of the genius and humanity of Shakespeare in, say, a fine presentation of *Henry IV*, Part II, or the experience of seeing Coquelin in *Cyrano*, or Bernhardt in *L'Aiglon*, or for that matter, John Hare in *A Pair of Spectacles*, or Ruth Draper for the first time or, if you please, one's first visit in youth to the pantomime or *Peter Pan*. Mr. Carroll means that no economic conditions can ever justify hedging in the opportunity for such rare and chance experiences with so severe an obstacle as 14s. In a cultured civilization, such opportunities must be made available with a reasonable expenditure to rich and poor alike. Myself, I am as firmly convinced as ever that the modern substitutes for the legitimate drama have altogether failed to weaken its appeal. The personal factor tells as much as ever. You have a wonderful instance of this if you compare your experience of the film and of the play, *Mädchen in Uniform*. It is in its nature a production far more favourable to film methods than to stage methods—in sense of space, the desolation of space; in number of performers; mass movements, mass opinion, mass psychology. The film in my humble opinion was better cast, better produced, and far more

sletter

intellectually interpreted under infinitely more favourable conditions than the play. Yet it is the play which dwells in memory, the personal touch which makes the deeper imprint. I am convinced that the appeal of the drama can never be killed and that its present decline is due to economic causes. A great play is a life experience, a great film is a notable incident of a day. Faith is what the leaders in the world of dramatic production need to-day. Faith to pull down their "barns" and build greater. To build, indeed, barns which will seat four times the present maximum of audience at a third of the cost.

THE FASHION OF PAYING DEBTS.—We have caught the debt-paying habit so strong that just now we cannot have enough of this satisfying exercise. In the last few days we have been paying or guaranteeing to pay long overdue accounts to a number of national benefactors whe received all too little gratitude and acknowledgment in their lifetime. A comforting thought for you and me. It may be that 500 years hence some thoughtful person will discover our merits and silent service to our country, and raise a tablet to our memories on the site of, say, the old Houses of Parliament or perhaps Inveresk House. Governor Phillip, founder of Sydney and maker of New South Wales, got his debts paid with interest a few days back. And Warren Hastings was promised an instalment on a debt which with compound interest must now equal in magnitude the National Debt. And Oxford suddenly remembered to remember an obscure undergraduate who came into residence at Merton 300 years ago and was banished from Oxford with ignominy at the end of his career—Anthony Wood, the historian of Oxford, whose books are a treasured possession of the Bodleian. And, not to be left out of the movement, Rugby has suddenly remembered her founder. After nearly 400 years a charming tablet, designed by an architect of notable taste. Mr. E. L. Warre, was dedicated by Archbishop Temple to the memory of Lawrence Sheriff.

. . . .

To the north of St. Paul's, and so close to it that the shadow, if sun there be, of the great dome falls across it at noon, there stands Christchurch, Greyfriars. On December 13 the Archbishop of York dedicated a memorial tablet fixed to the pier opposite the Baxter panel. This tablet bears the name of Lawrence Sheriff, Esq., of Rugby, in the County of Warwick, and of the City of London, Founder of Rugby School. The inscription is dedicated "in praise and grateful memory by some of those who by his benefit have been brought up to Godliness and Good Learning." Lawrence Sheriff was a member of the Grocers' Company, and his armorial shield, adopted by his school, is surmounted by a lion's paw holding a branch of dates, which will add a bright but not disturbing note to the sombre dignity of the church, where his ashes lie mingled perhaps with those of three Queens.

TEST RECORDS.—Among the Test records recently broken, but not yet adequately written up, are the whole cluster of pen records. Leaving alone (and time, too) the records with bat and ball, the amazing feats performed by the various potentates, ex-captains, stars, and experts of international cricket deserve mention. It is estimated that, first and last, 7,500,800 words were printed each day during and about the first Test. This figure does not include the spoken word (need I say), nor words telephoned but not deemed fit for print. Taking five days as the normal life of a Test Match (and assuming no loss in public interest in 1933—a bold assumption) it is reasonable to forecast that more than 180,000,000 words will before the end of the tour have been set up in print concerning the Test games alone. This is a considerable achievement and reflects the greatest credit on all concerned, including that splendid body of men, the printers. And these figures do not take into account the books which silent critics like Mr. Warner are even now writing at the rate of 1,000 words a day, which are destined to become more permanent records of every pulsing minute of these epoch-making contests. It is unjust to assume that your star cricketer, when at last he retires from the game, finds peace and ease in the sunset of his life. When he beats his bat into a stylo, he begins the battle of life at last in grim earnest. For him, peace at the fireside is nothing but strenuous exertion, raking among the "Ashes" for sporting parallels and instances.

THE OLD STAGER.

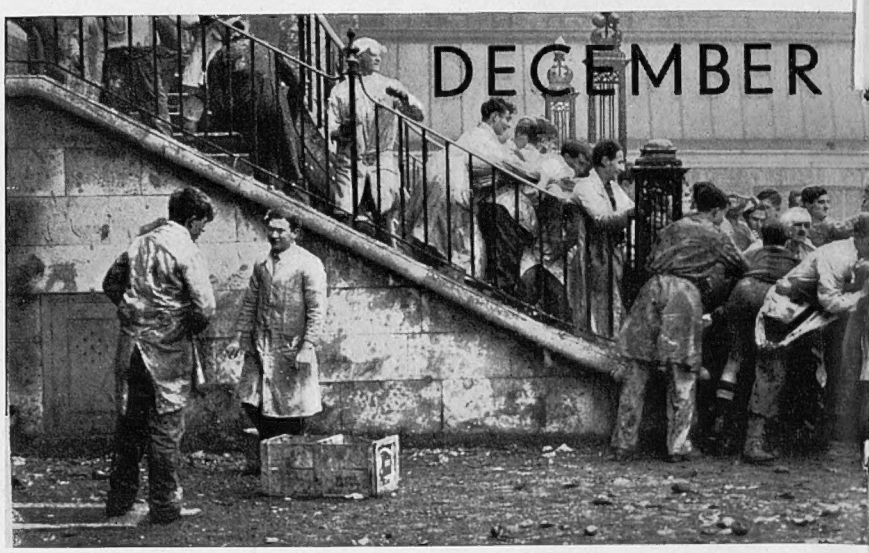
THE GREATEST CROWD SEEN AT A WINTER WEDDING for many years assembled outside St. Margaret's when Mr. John Bailey and Miss Diana Churchill were married. So great was the press that it broke through the police cordon and for five minutes bride and groom were the centre of a Rugby scrummage

THE P.L.A. AS SANTA CLAUS: The police of the Port of London Authority gave a Christmas tea-party at Catherine Docks, Tower Bridge, to poor children of the district. Constables are seen above pulling crackers with their youthful guests

TETRAZZINI SINGS AGAIN: The great prima donna sang at the Albert Hall at the concert in aid of the Safer Motherhood appeal. She broke her journey from Rome to America especially to do so

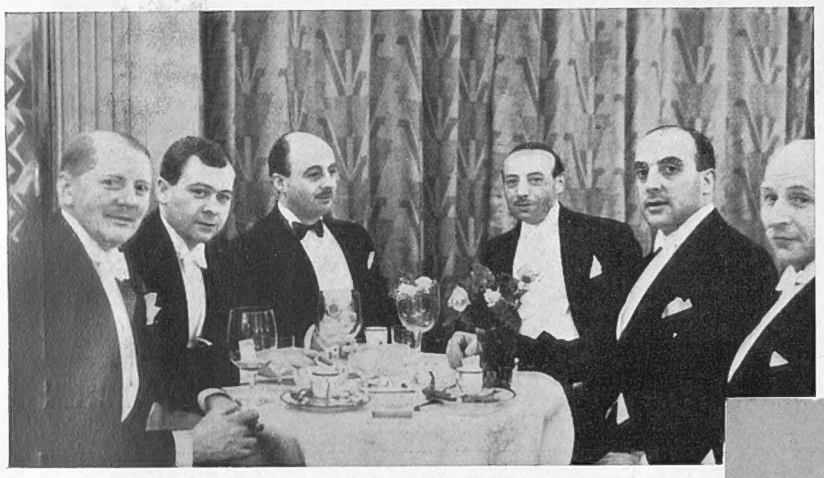
THE TRIBUTE TO VALOUR: Sir Percy Mackinnon, chairman of Lloyds, presents to Captain G. H. Dolphin of the Cunarder *Lancastria* and the crew of the liner's lifeboat, a shield commemorating their heroic work in rescuing the crew of the Belgian vessel, *Scheldestad*, in the Bay on October 10

MOTHER GOOSE WELCOMES HER COLLEAGUES: Mr. George Queen, the original "Mother Goose," went to King's Cross to welcome the children from Bradford who are to play with him in this year's pantomime



BATTLE ROYAL: Students of University College and Engineers indulged in a heavy succeeded in forcing entry but, after the melée had been in progress

TO THE BELGIAN SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN BRITAIN: The memorial to the seventy-seven Belgian soldiers who died in this country, unveiled by the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne. Designed by Mr. T. H. Birchall Scott, F.R.I.B.A., the memorial is set in St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green



AT THE GASTRONOMES' BANQUET AT CLARIDGE'S: A number of distinguished epicures including Mr. Logan of the Cosmo Hotel, M. Bertschi of the Splendide, M. Manetta of the Savoy, Mr. Besserer, late of the Carlton, and Mr. F. V. Cochis, the acting-manager of Claridge's

THE FROSTED COUNTRYSIDE: Fog and frost smote the Cotswolds swiftly and severely a few days ago, and shepherds driving their charges down rime-covered lanes had not only a cold but a ticklish task to perform. One such is seen above at Winchcombe, Gloucestershire

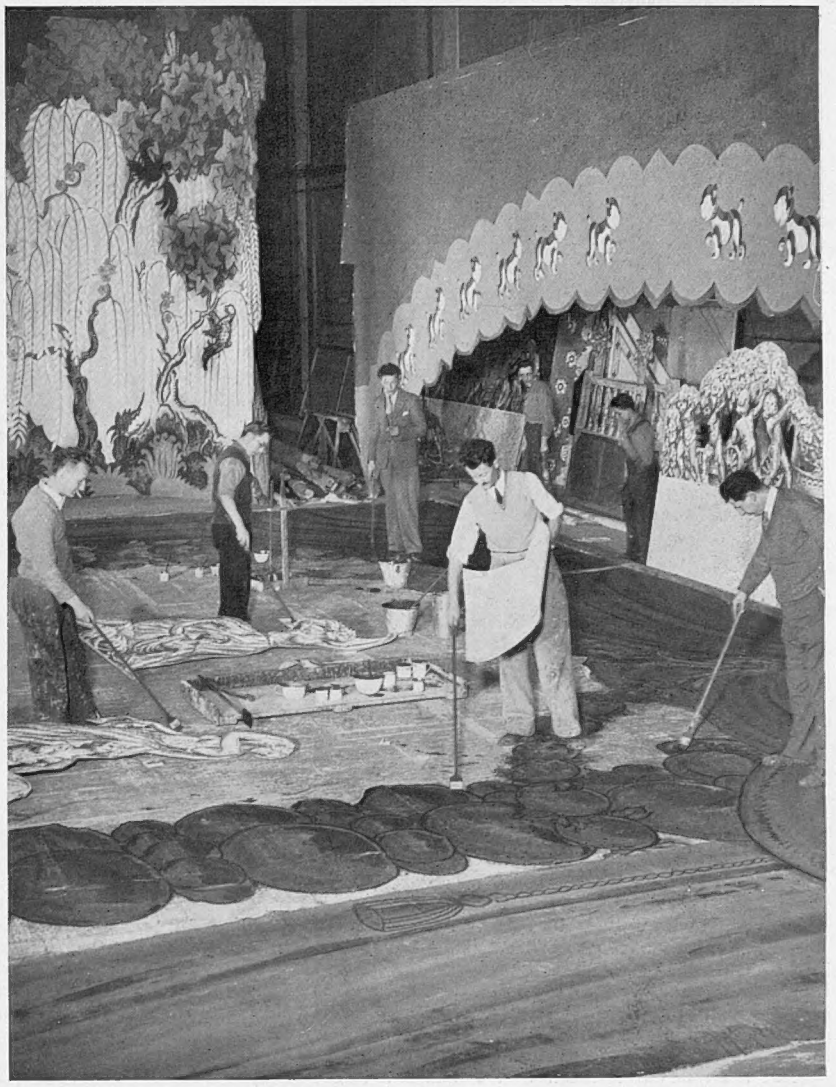
THE RING IN THE 'SIXTIES: Pat O'Keefe, the ex-Middleweight Champion, rehearses for the exhibition of past and future boxing he is giving at the Ring, Blackfriars, in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School. He is demonstrating the actuality of 1860 and his vision of 1960

Bottom Left Hand Pic only.

DAYS AT HOME

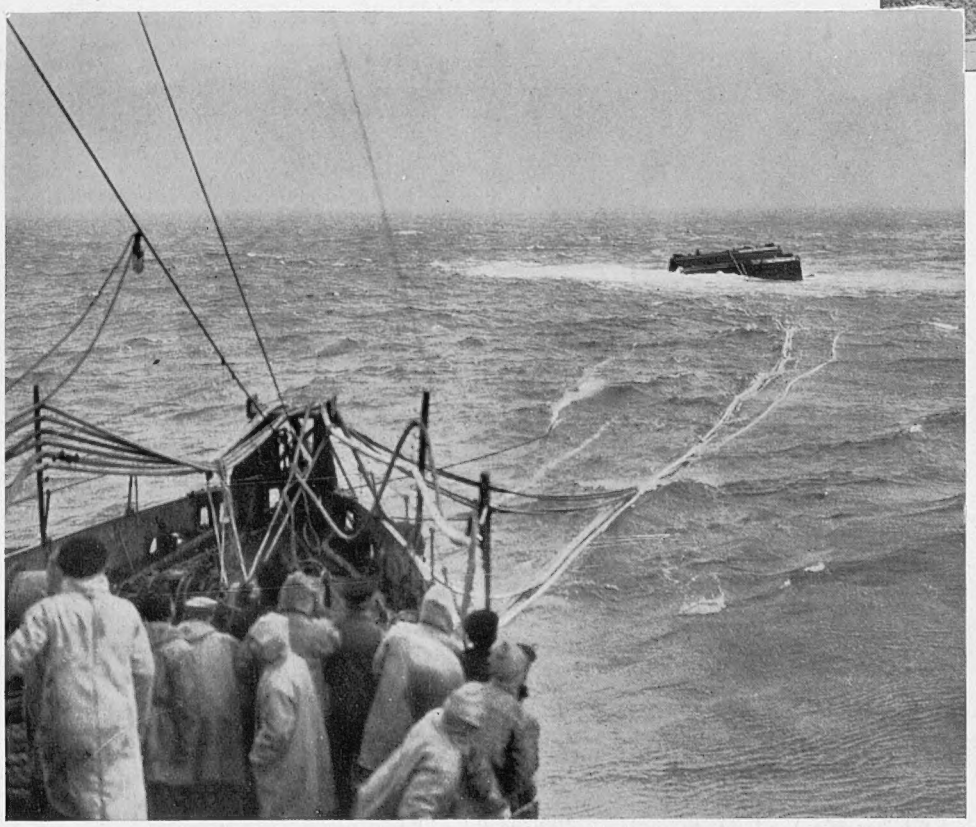
rag when the latter body attempted to capture the Medical College Hall. They for upwards of an hour, they were ejected by the Collegers

THE KING OF DENMARK, who has been paying a private visit to the King, seen above visiting the Tower of London. With King Christian is Colonel Burges, V.C., Governor and Chief Warden of the ancient fortress that in its day housed the Kings of England during their lives and now guards only their memories



FIFTEEN MILES OF SCENERY are to be utilized in the 1932 Xmas pantomime at the Hippodrome, *Dick Whittington*, in which Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Fay Compton are to appear. A large number of artists are at work on it in Cricklewood

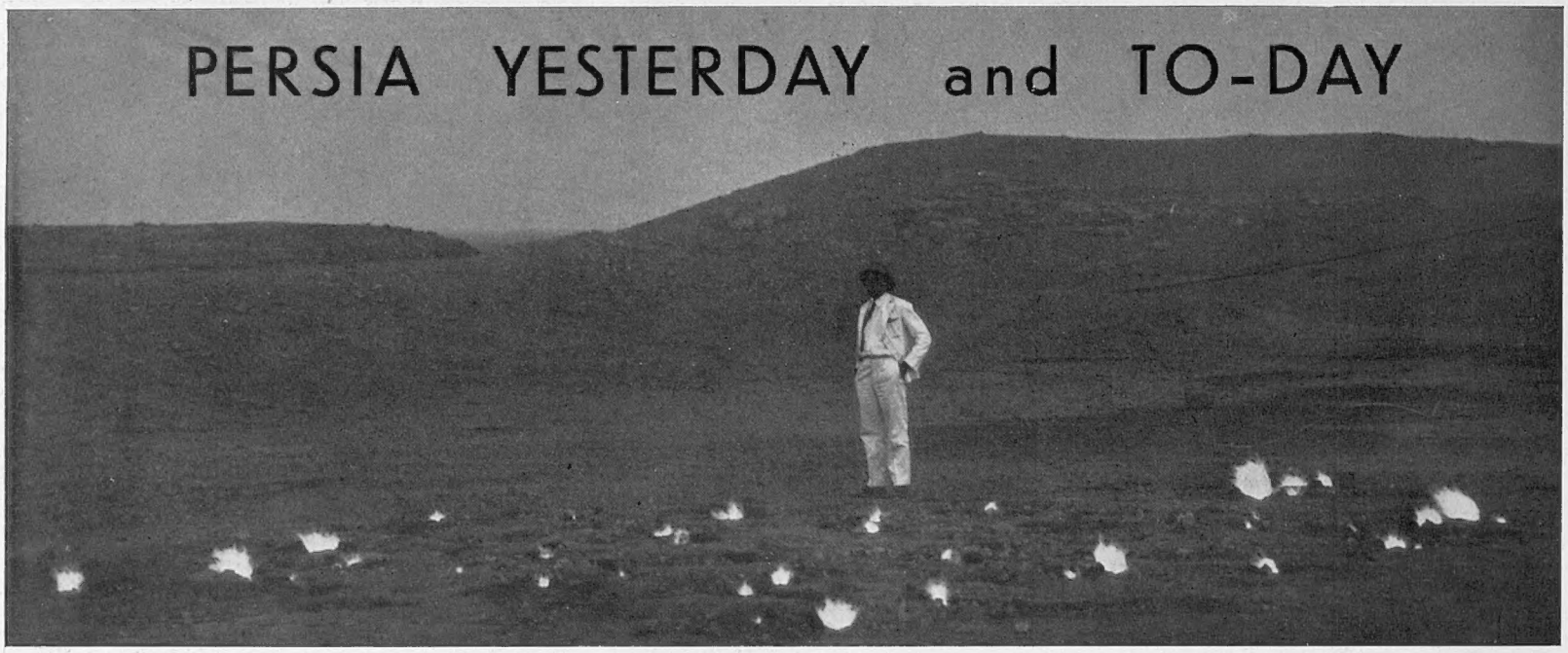
CANADA'S PREMIER, Mr. R. B. Bennett, during his visit to London, accepts a cup of tea at the Empire Homemaker's Institute, Lower Regent Street, an organization designed, as its name suggests, to make the foreigner feel at home



THE ILL-FATED *M 2*: The final attempt to salvage the ill-starred submarine, which sank with all hands off Portland a few months ago, was made by H.M.S. *Tedworth*. The stern of the submerged vessel broke surface but, unhappily, the bow failed to rise so that the attempt to raise her has been abandoned

ROYALTY AT SIDMOUTH: The Duke of Connaught, his daughter, Lady Patricia Ramsay (*extreme left*), Lord and Lady Clinton, and Mrs. J. E. H. Balfour attended the performance of *Rank and File* at the Portfield Hotel. The production was given by the Dartmouth players

PERSIA YESTERDAY and TO-DAY



JETS OF FIRE piercing the surface of the ground in that area of the oil fields of Northern Iraq, called by the natives Jehannum Gehenna because of its perpetual fires traditionally said to have been burning since time immemorial. The picture, taken by a time exposure, was made before day-break and shows the smoke jets of the fire bursting from the earth. The warmth is very welcome in the icy chill of the desert dawn

Persia was given until Thursday, December 15, to retract her cancellation. If she does not do so the British Government will take the matter to the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague. Persia is to be held responsible for the safety of the oil fields. If the country is unable to do this, the British Government will, it is suggested, themselves secure such safety.

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

Few people who visited the Persian Art Exhibition at Burlington House in 1931 could have imagined that, within two years, tension would have arisen between the people whose magnificent art was there displayed and the British Empire. It seems desirable, therefore, to place this Anglo-Persian problem in some historical perspective.

Not always is it realized that Persia is a direct neighbour of the British Empire. When the western frontier of India was pushed, however, outside the limits of the Indian Peninsula, British Baluchistan not only excluded Afghanistan from the sea, but also became coterminous with Persian Baluchistan.

Now for more than a hundred years the fixed British policy has been to have in Persia a strong and friendly Government. Persia, in the eyes of nineteenth-century British statesmen, was to be strong, if only to limit the possibility of a hostile Russia's acting through her and so directly menacing India. To prevent such an abuse of Russian influence, indeed, the British Empire was actually obliged to go to war with Persia in 1856–57. The Shah at that time was desiring Herat, the town in Western Afghanistan that was held to be the key to India.

Thence onwards the British Empire continuously strove for a strong and prosperous Persia.

In 1907 this Russian menace to our Eastern Empire was removed, or considered to be removed, by the Liberal statesmen who engineered an accord —the famous Anglo-Russian Convention in respect of Persia. This "unholy" alliance with the Tsarists, an alliance deliberately brought about in the higher interests of world, and particularly of European peace —it was a corollary of our 1904 "Entente Cordiale" with France—at once alarmed, not only the many friends of Persia in this country, but also the Persians themselves. Professor E. G. Browne of Cambridge, loved by the Persians as perhaps no Englishman has ever been loved, was aghast at the arrangement. The Land of the Shah, it was said, was being carved up, Russia taking the north, Great Britain the south, with an utterly useless "neutral zone" in between, The hope of Persian independence, it was held in Persia, was threatened as it had never been threatened before.

This Convention, as had been truly said by Sir Arnold Wilson, was "a turning point in the history of Anglo-Persian relations." The "constitutional" movement in Persia increased apace, receiving encouragement from the British representatives (it is of interest, incidentally, to note that the present Minister of Finance, Sayyid Hasan Taqizadah, who handed to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company on November 27 last the Note cancelling the concession, took refuge in 1908 in the British Legation from the wrath of the then Shah) and discouragement from the Russians.

Between 1907 and 1914 Persia suffered a deep blow to her pride. Russia did not relax her predatory mood, and the Persian Government was so weak that the country became a prey to the richest and the strongest.

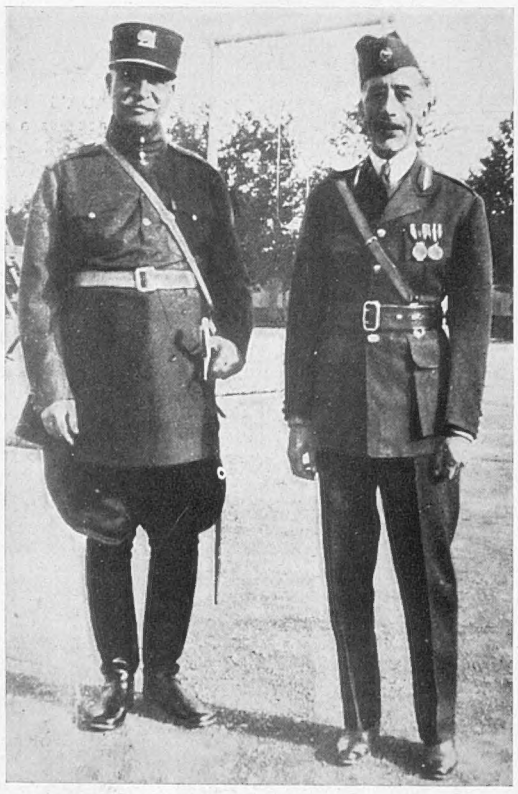
During the Great War, Persia, a neutral country, suffered even more. Famine afflicted the land, and humiliation. The reputation which the Russian troops, occupying the north, left behind them, still blisters the Persian memory. The British troops in Persia, on the other hand, brought to the Persians a new sense of justice and decency.

At the Armistice, Persia was frankly helpless, poverty-stricken and anarchic, and with no big men prepared to reorganize the State. It was in these circumstances that the historic but abortive Anglo-Persian Agreement of 1919 was drawn up as between the Persian Government and the British Government. In that document Great Britain virtually made herself responsible for the rehabilitation of Persia.

Foreign critics and many Persians, however, at once pointed out that its terms implied a disguised annexation or protectorate in Persia. An attempt was made to put it into operation in 1920, but the heart of the Persians manifestly was not in the Agreement.

Persian post-War history is the work of this one man, aided by his Minister of Court, H.H. Taimur Tash. During the last decade the country has undergone astounding changes—superficially, at any rate. The army has been reorganized, security established, administration centralized, the tribes disarmed, communications improved, particularly motor roads, the budgets balanced—in short, the *amour propre* of the never modest Persian people has been restored. The name of Pahlevi, the dynasty that Riza Shah has founded, has been given to the new national headgear.

To effect these reforms, or at least some of them, Riza Shah did not hesitate to enlist the services of non-Persians; the process of Westernization in Persia, indeed, in many respects is superior to that followed in Turkey. Thus he has employed, as experts, Americans in the reorganization of Persian finances, Germans in banking, Belgians in the Customs, Frenchmen in education, Japanese, Chinese, and many others. For the purpose of revolutionizing Persia, in fact, the Shah has excluded no nationals except British and Russians.



IRAQI—PERSIAN: King Feisal on the occasion of his visit to Shah Pahlevi (Riza Khan) to foster political and economic rapprochement between the two countries. It is the payments of the Iraqi oil field to the Feisal Government that have precipitated the A.P.O.C. action inspired by Riza

I would draw particular attention to the Financial Mission of the American, Dr. Millspaugh, who, after five years' hard work, disagreed with the Shah on the nature of his powers and left the country in 1927. For it was during the stay of Dr. Millspaugh that suspicion appeared to grow up among Persians of the good faith of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The argument, *post hoc, propter hoc*, is tempting and needs investigation. It is certain, however, that this American Financial Mission did all it could for American oil companies in Persia, and that in his book, *The American Task in Persia*, Dr. Millspaugh considerably underestimated the contribution made by the A.P.O.C. to the Persian national life.

At the moment, Persia is employing no foreigner in an advisory capacity outside the Ministry of Finance—apart from the Belgians in the Customs, who have controlled this department excellently for nearly thirty years. But there are, of course, several foreign technical experts in Persia in such things as railway construction, wireless, antiquities, agriculture, and so on.

Riza Shah has, beyond doubt, done heroic work for Persia, and the Persians have a right to be proud of their leader. Yet there can be no gainsaying that their ultra-Nationalistic policy has at times marred the impressiveness of this renaissance. And, unhappily, the British Government, which might have been expected to exercise a restraining influence, has hitherto adopted the rôle of meek admirer. This weak policy has culminated, as all weak policies in the East are bound to culminate, in potential disaster. But a complete toppling-over in this oil question may yet be avoided.

During the régime of the first British Minister in Persia, after the collapse of the Anglo-Persian Agreement of 1919, British prestige fell low. It has remained low ever since. The policy of guiding the Shah by failing to resist him was devised as the most clever and practical. It was officially argued that if we gave way on certain points, the Persian Government would "eat out of hands" on others. Then they, too, must go! But of Persian gestures towards Great Britain there have been few indeed. Gratitude has not followed renunciation.

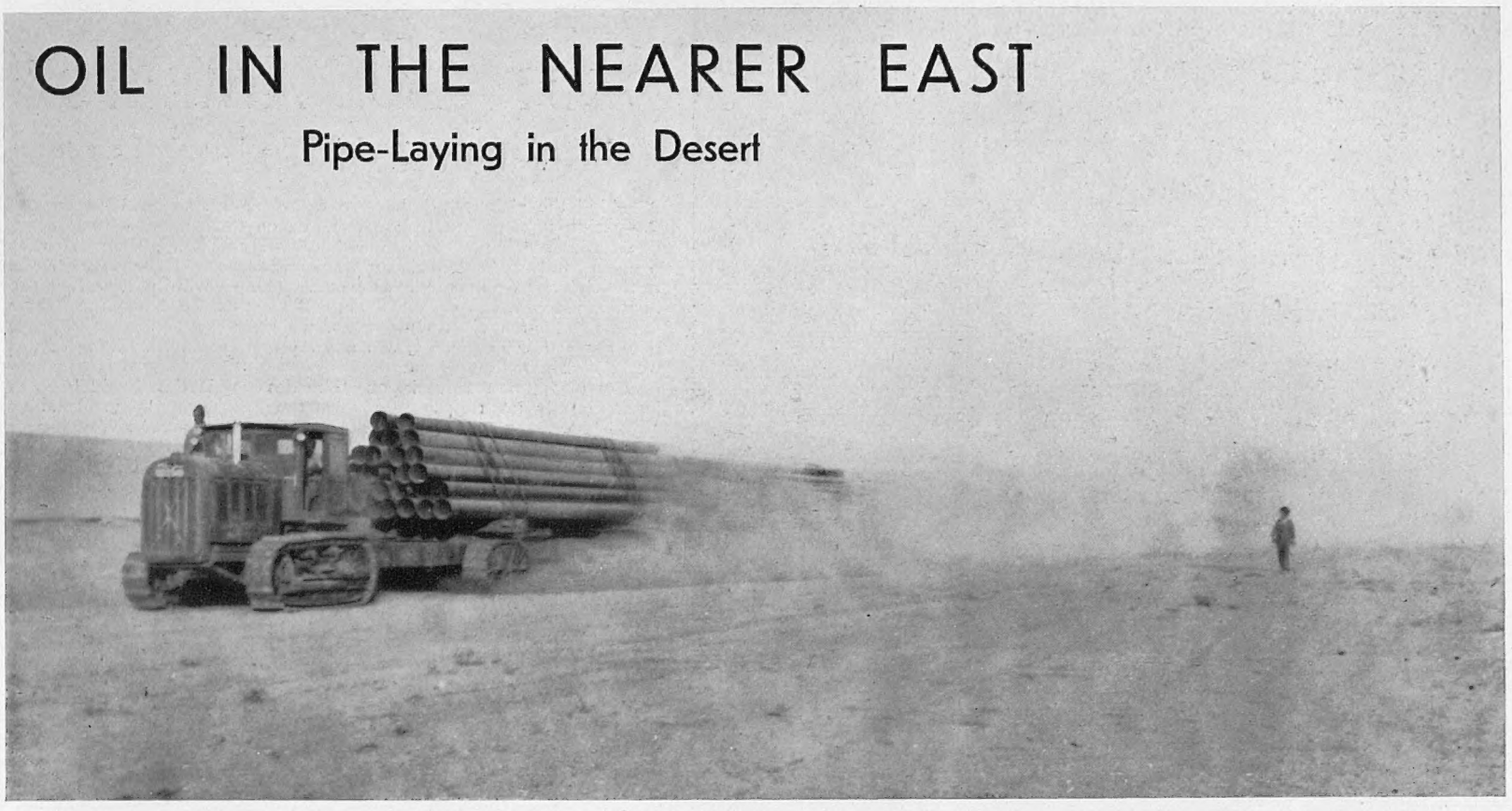
The condition and the attitude of Persia are still, as I said at the beginning, of vital importance to the British Empire, lying as she does athwart the way to our Eastern Empire. It is true that Imperial Airways, our diplomacy having failed to procure the renewal of the concession for flying over Southern Persia, have found a way out of this difficulty.

Not only is there the oil of Persia, on which the British Navy so largely depends, but the whole problem of the future of the Persian Gulf needs solution. For some years past, the Persian Government (not with the approval of all Persians, however) has been administering a series of pin-pricks to us in the Gulf, those difficult waters which the British, not the Persians, cleared of piracy, of gun-running, and of the slave trade. Claims have been made in Teheran to possession of the islands of Bahrain and, in possibly irresponsible quarters, even to distant Muscat. Within the last few months a Persian Navy, avoiding the Caspian Sea, where Russia has a monopoly of armaments, has appeared in the Persian Gulf. It is time, indeed, that a settlement were reached between Persia and Great Britain in this region.

For the patriotism of the Persian people and their desire to progress, there can be in this country nothing but admiration and sympathy. But a Nationalism that induces them to repudiate contracts must be countered. Between the first quality, which is inherent in Persia, and the second, which is a post-War acquisition, there is a world of difference.

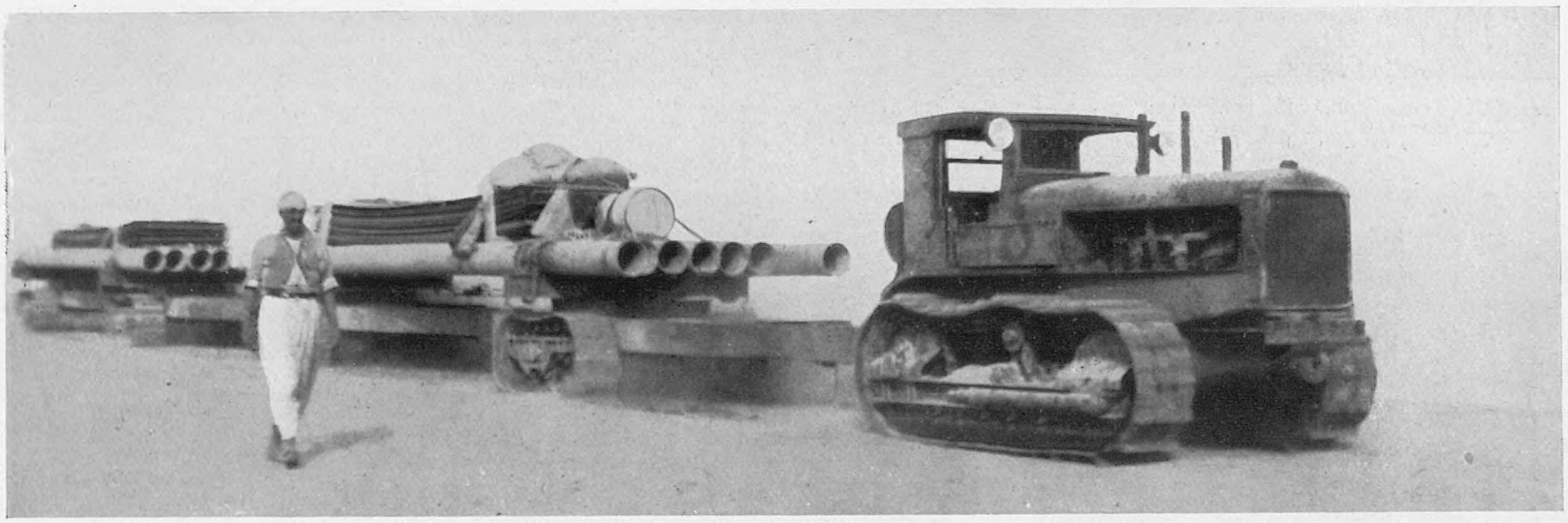
OIL IN THE NEARER EAST

Pipe-Laying in the Desert



TRANSPORT IN THE IRAQ OIL FIELDS

There are no fewer than five tractors and twenty wagons in this train, all laden with pipes. The picture gives some idea of the conditions under which work is done, for, despite the clouds of dust, *the* rate of progress is 2 m.p.h.



THE PIPES OF THE IRAQI COMPANY

The Persian attitude has been influenced by hearing that the new Iraqi Company (in its first inception period) paid over a bigger sum last year to its Government than did the A.P.O.C. (under slump conditions) to the Persian Government

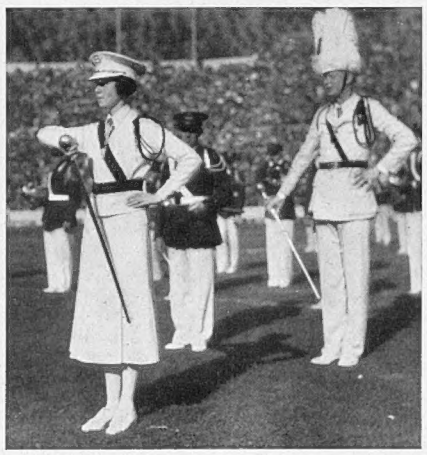
THE ROAD DRIVEN THROUGH THE DESERT

Ewing Galloway

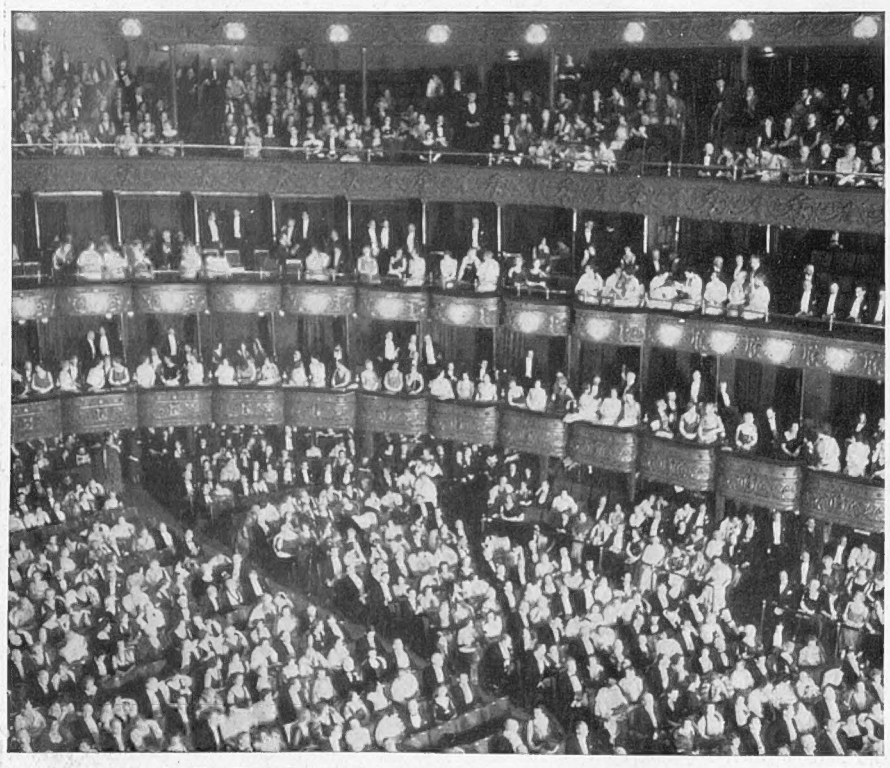
Perhaps the Persian Khan's greatest gift to his country has been the improvement of her transport facilities. This picture shows the Autostrave driven through the mountains between Tabriz and Teheran, the workmen on which ceased their toil to watch the photographer at work

WHERE THE GOLD IS MELTED: The Assay Building with its colossal chimney on South Street and Old Slip, New York. The chimney is an easily recognized landmark when approaching Manhattan by water. Gold and its alloys from abroad are melted and refined in this building and the ingots become available for jewellers—or the Government Mint

PRESIDENT - ELECT and Mrs. Roosevelt off for a fortnight's rest at his country home after the strenuous days of the election



WOMEN AGAIN: Even the post of amateur drum-major at a college football game has now been made a Drum-Majoress; Miss Alice Swift, a "co-ed." of Stanford University in uniform



IN NEW YORK TO-DAY: The Metropolitan Opera House, the opening of whose season (with Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*) is seen above, was packed with the *crème de la crème* of New York Society. The far-famed Diamond Horseshoe was as glittering as though there were no such word as slump

DEBT TO AMERICA

Who Borrowed it and Who Exactly Lent it

Behind the elaborate diplomatic messages exchanged between the spokesmen of Britain and America on the subject of war debts lie realities which have to be faced before June, 1933, when the next payments fall due, if the existing system which sustains the economic life of the civilized world is to be salvaged. The probabilities are that the incoming Roosevelt Administration will meet the leaders of the debtor nations and agree upon some sort of a general settlement which, if it does not satisfy everybody, will anyway enable the rebuilding of the world's business life to start.

But meantime the publics on both sides of the Atlantic will have to be more fully instructed in the facts than they are to-day. It is an astonishing thing that in December, 1932, the statesmen of Washington and Whitehall should be arguing as to the facts in regard to the war debts—whether some part of the money was used to buy food for civilians as well as actual munitions, whether it was or was not all blown away, and so on.

This diplomatic cross-chat is waste of time. In the general conference which is on the way it can have no place. The broad and inescapable fact is that a group of nations engaged in a war to the death with another group of nations to decide which of two conflicting types of civilization should determine human progress. In the course of this war, waged for a common purpose, a vast sum was expended. At the end of the war the victors thought that the defeated States could be made to pay in cash and kind. A fallacy. Under the existing capitalist system it was found impossible to extract anything like the sums glibly talked about fourteen years ago by politicians and even by responsible bankers—sums running into £20,000,000,000. Intelligent leaders in every country now recognize that the bill for the war has to be spread equally over all the States which engaged in it. At present the bill is inequably spread, and Britain has the raw end of the deal. For this, if individuals are to be blamed, Montagu Norman and Stanley Baldwin must bear responsibility. But, in a political State, it is wise to forget questions of individual responsibility after this lapse of time.

Up to April, when America abandoned her neutrality, Britain paid for her war purchases (guns, food, munitions, war material of all sorts) through the House of Morgan just as, in the Napoleonic wars, she used the House of Rothschild, which had convenient contacts or banks in Paris, Frankfort, Vienna, and Madrid. When America entered the war financial transactions were between Treasury and Treasury instead of between the British Treasury and Morgan's. Mr. J. M. Keynes, then a Treasury official, was the man mainly concerned with the borrowing and the spending of the money. It was an elaborate book-keeping transaction so far as the borrowing and lending Governments were concerned. The borrowers pledged the credit of the State. When France exceeded her credit Britain backed her bill, or rather borrowed on her own credit, and passed the purchasing power on to France. France needed oil. She could not pay for it. The American Treasury would not pay out cash on her behalf, but would on Britain's behalf.

So Britain borrowed again, took France's note, and France got her oil. When one says "France got her oil," one really means that one part of the group of armies and the sea and air fleets busy fighting the Germanic group got the oil they needed.

In the lending State cash was being paid out against these loans, and bonds were being issued. Britain wanted another three million 3-inch shells. They were ordered from Du Pont's. Du Pont presented the bill to Morgan's, who paid out and collected from the U.S. Treasury, which went to the American people and got the cash against issues of Liberty bonds on the credit of the American State; the U.S. Treasury covering itself in turn by the successive bills signed by the official representatives of the British State in Whitehall.

If, for one moment Britain, the hub of all these transactions, had wavered and begun to wonder how, when the war ended, all these debts were going to be discharged, the purchasing power of the Allies would have dried up at the source, and America, having entered the war, would have been forced either to finance the war direct (as Britain used to finance European wars in the outcome of which she had a profound interest), or to waste her new citizen army in a war which the Allies were losing because they could no longer buy the materials needed to pursue it.

Officially, Britain's direct borrowings from the American State began when America entered the war. But if all the documents were rooted out and published, it would be found that certain loans, contracted before America abandoned her neutrality, were lumped into the sum total of the loans supposed to have been contracted only after America had entered the war.

Whatever happens on or after December 15, the war debt of £11,000,000,000 (gold) will remain. While the capitalistic system remains, somebody has to foot this bill. It cannot be made to vanish as if it had never been. It has been estimated that cancellation would apportion the bill as follows: Britain, fifty per cent.; America, thirty-nine per cent.; France, eight per cent.; Italy, two per cent.; Germany, one per cent. (These calculations are those of Mr. Baruch, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt's adviser.) Germany, Italy, and France, thus relieved, would have an enormous advantage in to-morrow's struggle for world markets. Germany would emerge as the least taxed nation on earth; the British taxpayers would be about where they are now; the American taxpayers would be much worse off.

At present reparation and war debt payments go into the general revenue pool of the State receiving them. They are not earmarked for any particular service, such as the payment of interest on bonds issued in war-time. If the United States were to receive no payments for the year 1932–33, her taxpayers would have to dig into their pockets for £60,000,000 (gold) over and above the ordinary budget. But already, because of the world business paralysis caused mainly by the existence of these debts, which call for enormous transfers across tariff-guarded frontiers, America has lost many times over in shrinking of capital values and in loss of business the sum total of the war debt payments she demands. The U.S. Treasury received in the last fiscal year 240,000,000 dollars on account of inter-Governmental war debt payments. But the collapse of her foreign trade lost her ten times that amount, and her Federal income-tax fell off by more than five times that amount.

C. P. T.

A WORLD SURVEY

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon listen to an address at Geneva before they leave for Paris with M. Herriot to discuss war debts

THE GERMAN ARMY ON THE FILMS: In the production of *The Choral of Leuthen*, two regiments of the Reichswehr were engaged. In one of the cavalry charges they rode down some of the actors. A soldier and an actor (in costume) are seen above

A CHINESE RIVER IN BAVARIA: German engineers, engaged to control the annual and devastating floods of the Hwang Ho, have created a huge model at Obernach in the Bavarian Alps, where 100 metres of German water represents 16 kilometres of the Chinese river. Observation of its various phases are being taken by the Institute of Hydraulic Engineers

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN ROME: *Pagliacci* or pierrot dolls on sale in the Piazza Navona evoke the atmosphere of the greatest and gayest of Christian feasts

THE RAILWAY FROM DAVOS TO PARSENN: The newly-completed funicular which adds to the amenities of the famous resort

The two pictures on the right show sketches of the mountain railway now open from Davos to Parsenn. Oil is the motive force. The centre station, which is 8,655 ft. above sea level, is equipped with an up-to-date restaurant—very welcome to travellers unaccustomed to the hunger bred of high places

b

THE RED VIRGIN OF

BRITTANY IS NOT FRANCE, but is infinitely more akin to Cornwall, Wales, Ireland, and the Highlands. The Celtic race, encouraged probably by Erin, has become self-conscious, and Home Rule is burning in Brittany and smouldering even in Scotland. Characteristic types of Breton peasants are seen above in Quimper

"Disunite, the better to reunite!"

Can this be the conception towards which not a few "cultural European entities" are being conveyed in attempted realization of some form of United States of Europe? Shall the old frontiers of a long-since imposed history and of a subsequently no less imposed economic overlordship one by one come down? And new lines, by which the ethnological and cultural are more faithfully reconciled with modern laws of production and consumption, take their place under the word "federalism"? Can this be the word slowly arriving in the European air? Decentralization from the capitals-of-conquest-of-the-past? The reverse of deadening Balkanization — rather a neighbourly federal life as it has worked in forty-nine States in America, as it is gigantically being essayed in thirty-six republics in Russia, as it has long operated in the cantons of Switzerland, in the Ukraine, in Flanders, in Alsace, in Catalonia (indeed, all over Spain), and now, in some measure at any rate, in Brittany?

I went to Brittany in quest of a Red Virgin and of elements of Fenianism indicating the first sproutings of Sinn Fein. I left it thinking more about federalism. A Federation of the North, a Mediterranean Federation, a Danubian one, a Slav one, and so on. Groups of federated unities going to form each of these bigger, major Federations. Another Utopia? At least, the fact that federalism is rampant at both ends of Europe, Spain, and Russia and that several others in between are clamant for it, should give even the most dug-in bureaucrat to think.

My rather rare quest for the red person came about because people recently blew up the line in front of M. Herriot's train, at dead of night, at a point deliminating the historical frontier of Brittany and Poitou. The dynamiters merely meant a gesture of "come-no-farther," since they sent warning by letter to Paris that the deed would be done. "Bretons are decided to bear no more insults in celebration of their annexation." Signed, *Gwenn-ha-Du*, meaning the *Black and White* of ancient Armor and Arcoat, when Brittany was a free nation fighting now England, now France. Advice was added that lights would be placed round the wrecked spot; and this was done, too, stopping catastrophe. Their act was preceded last August, you may recall, by two similar manifestations: a projected "demonstration" bombing of M. Herriot's cortège at Vannes (nipped in the bud), and the blowing up of the Rennes monument showing a symbolical Duchess Ann on her knees before a triumphant king of France. Bretons have ever turned from that vulgar travesty of their beloved, that kindling inexactitude in stone and cruel crowing, and, all in all, it does really seem as if Paris might have thought twice about organizing fêtes commemorating the 400th anniversary of the union of France and Brittany through Ann, because M. Herriot's going down to Nantes to orate à propos an occasion indissolubly linked in Breton minds with the rape of poor little Ann promotes the vision of others long ago sending, say, Mr. Asquith to Ireland in hard times to sing the praises of Cromwell.

Well, the present position is a Brittany of rumours and whispers, of silence and of stony stares as the mobile brigades search and detain and rummage and seek to find out the strength, the pivots of the whole business and, incidentally, seem rather to get the backs of the natives up with their dossier piling and general occupation of the countryside. Blowing up railway lines even with humane care is no light matter, yet here so much else seems to be at stake besides arrests. However, the question is, has France developed an Irish Question on her left flank?

The French public is being instructed that the movement is pure unadulterated twaddle, something to be pooh-poohed from the mind.

"What a farce!" derided a cher collègue. "Ninety-nine per cent. of Bretons are French. We'll soon be on the heels of the foreigners stirring up the trouble!"

And, superbly, my dear colleague snapped his note-book and called for the apéritif when he might have been better occupied studying Irish history, noting to what extent, if any, France may unknowingly have become to Brittany something of what England was to Ireland.

"To rule is to foresee," was quoted.

THE FISHER FOLK OF BRITTANY form a considerable portion and fish-wife are seen above with a catch of tunny. This mandy to Brittany is like crossing the frontier from Chris in language, in devotion

A MATTER FOR PROTEST: The naval harbour of Brest the diminution of whose prosperity is one of the great grounds for Breton dissatisfaction. The National swing bridge is seen in this view

Poor little Ann—where a sadder story of a finer spirit? Especially with people like the Bretons, sunk in *Ankou* (death) and in the past, is it unwise to tamper with history to make a propagandist holiday. Bretons are dry, silent, knowing. The speechifying urge in others, the up-welling of official sentiment-to-order, leaves them dry, silent. And no less knowing. They know that the real 400th anniversary was forty-one years ago. They know of the document of 1491 when the girl-wife Ann was forced to sign away her realm —"a donné, cédé, quitté, transporté, délaissé pour toujours, perpétuellement, irrévocablement, les droits, propriétés, possessions, noms, raisons, seigneuries, actions et obligations lui appartenants."

"A Frenchman said that!"

"Precisely."

Of course, there's a Breton question!

In the first place, the smouldering fires of these last of Continental Celts have never been extinguished. In language, in faith, in literature, in custom and tradition, in character and outlook—mysticism and sadness—these Bretons have remained the lonely, last, lost race, proudly refusing to be hauled into the many-hued net of Gaul. Basically different from the French—the only people I know like them in the Republic are the Basques—the Bretons may fight like none for France, nay, be her best soldiers and sailors, and yet proclaim their insubmission either of mind or of being. (The Bretons lost 240,000 dead recently, one in fourteen of the population, more than twice as much pro rata as any other belligerent anywhere.) Not in boom times, even, did the Bretons come in any measure close to the French. I recollect how in money-tingling 1927–8 the priests of the interior were schooling the young against the religion-denying and immoral neighbour; how bitterly, also, the Bretons hated being laughed at for their quaintnesses, and which included a primitive hygiene. In those days, too, there already existed a racial dislike of the exploitation of Brittany by "foreign (Paris) finance." It used to be said then that Brittany was divided in twain: the untamed, off-the-map worker of the arid interior showing almost Chouan resentment at French presence, and the touristic coast-line which gave small thought to the Union so long as the francs came tumbling in.

Now interior and coast-line have been brought together in direst adversity. The tourist traffic has disappeared, so have the fisheries pretty well. As

BRITTANY:

The Movement in CELTIC FRANCE which has Raised the Cry of "BREIZ ATAO" (Brittany for Ever) and is the Latest Victim of the Fever for Self-Determination that has Spread like Wildfire Through the Gaelic Lands of the World

By FERDINAND TUOHY

for agriculture, it is in the abyss (we did some of it). Sinn Fein went on with the job in boom times. This Breton business has clearly crystallized chiefly from slump. Racial antipathy may have endured, yet good times were good times, after all. Now they are so no longer, and grievances are shaping a many-patterned challenge to the Paris Government. A long enough bout of distress and idleness and most "cultural entities" want to be free of the guiding hand to have a shot themselves.

That Brittany has been neglected, scarce a railway or a road save for tourists, that she has been crushingly taxed for what she has received, that little is done to remedy agricultural misery and general unemployment, that a small dole was wrung for the fishermen only after begging and begging, that Brest has been as good as closed as a naval port, that the tourist industry has been let go hang, that the attitude of the French authorities is often humiliating, that the Paris Press is apt to insult Brittany, that the personality of the province is suffocated, are among the complaints most often heard. In the background looms sterner stuff: the land for the Bretons! an end to foreign exploitation! a shame on neighbouring bourgeois corruption and irreligion! and no more war! I have no doubt that

of the popu lation. A typical fisherman picture was taken at Concarneau. Crossing from Nortendom to Islam, so alien is the Celtic corner of France—alism, and in thought

the unpopularity Paris has acquired in the world has something to do with the governing cry of "Brittany for the Bretons!" To clamour unceasingly for *sécurité!* may have the effect of making parts of a country feel insecure.

But turn now to the alignment of elements against continued rule from Paris. First take the Red Virgin, Mlle Francine Roseg, rue Edith-Cavell, Rennes. A truly intriguing creature; a tall, hardy amazon, good to look upon, fresh, grey-eyed, reddish. Dressed anyhow as a Russian girl of these days, big, loose limbs crossed mannishly, and puffing away at *caporals*. No nonsense about Francine. The police can't get a word out of her. Mute disdain. This girl of twenty-one has in a year become the soul and leader of the separatist movement, *Breiz Atao* (Brittany for ever!). She violently runs a weekly of that name. She talks English and Gaelic, having learnt her lesson over in Ireland from Louis Napoléon Le Roux, self-exile and founder of the whole movement. England had him in prison once, I believe. His is said to be the long-distance, intellectual guidance of much that is now happening; his name in whispering Brittany of *Gwenn-ha-Du! Gwenn-ha-Du!* is one to—whisper. But do not let me exaggerate these people. Francine, Brest tradesman's daughter, may be nothing, as Paris avers. All I know is that she carried all before her at school and at fifteen, converted to Breton separatism, was over in Ireland thrilling to "how it is done"; at seventeen, back in France with a deep hatred of the French oppressor; at twenty, well, last year she pushed a man clean out of the job and became the leader of *Breiz Atao*, the "Big Party" of five factions aiming at one form or another of severance from centralized government.

"This house of the sixteenth century saw the first Breton independence and I swear it shall see the second!" The girl was in a bleak office, editing. She is under constant observation and has been detained more than once. She is afire. Monsieur desires to trace *Gwenn-ha-Du* to its source? Monsieur can go on desiring! "I do not know it myself. No one does. Rather take it as an underground explosion of popular anger, as a warning to the invader. For the French are invaders, people who oppress and pillage us. We do not intend to be contaminated by the rotten French democracy!"

It was then that she crossed her legs and puffed, head tilted as who should say, "*get that, Steve!*" It was then, also, that she ended the interview.

THE RED VIRGIN: Mlle Francine Roseg, the dynamic driving force behind Breton self-determination

Her party, *Breiz Atao*, claims to be above religion and class, to be out for one thing only: national liberation. It is the party informed by a rampaging mysticism, violence of word. What it represents Heaven knows. The French police have drawn a blank and the newspaper people profess not to have come up with a blessed symptom. And yet they have done; they have come up against a wall of silence, and what that may mean is a secret of the countryside. No one will talk of *Gwenn-ha-Du*. (Even as all were once mum about gentlemen on the run.) One result of all the newspapering has certainly been an immense advertisement for the signatories of the bomb episodes. Anonymous letters are descending in thousands, rumours being born one-a-minute. Who knows but that *Gwenn-ha-Du* may be one or two youngsters with a car and access to cordite? *Who knows?* Voilà la question. And who knows what is coming next, the next time the French bear down in fine compliment upon Brittany? Voilà, encore, la question.

In darkest December Brittany, how the very dead leaves speak!—when most are in doors by dark with their stiffened cider; and outside, the dank, foggy, utter night.

Gwenn-ha-Du! Gwenn-ha-Du!

But I have no space at all for this sort of thing.

The four other parties are: (i) *Bleun Brug* (fleur de bruyère), the Catholic Party of the Abbé Perrot, who defends in his monthly review, *Faith and Brittany*, the complete retention of everything Breton, but within the French cadre: (ii) *Breiz Kevredel* (Federalist Brittany), whose leader, Morvan Marchal, is out for the federalism of Europe, with Brittany no more related to France than to other adjacent federalized unities; (iii) *Breiz Digabestz* (the Breton Tradition), the movement of the young intellectuals, including some arrested (but released) in connection with the statue demolition; then comes the Red Virgin's "Big Party" (I am moving from Right to Left); finally, the Communistic *War Zao* (Up!). This latter has H.Q. at Guingamp, is run by an officer's son from Avignon named la Flotte, and may be currently the most powerful of the bunch. Round Quimper, Finistère, is the stronghold of its ruddy adherents; and in this department also, one Duhamel, who has organized himself into nine local separatist federations, held a congress as far back as 1929, at which 240 delegates attended. Yet it is impossible to say what real strength lies anywhere. A circumstance that I noted was that "the inhabitants when questioned as to the numbers of this and that faction usually say that they are quite laughable." Are they? Without doubt an agricultural communism is on the upgrade as elsewhere. Again, youths borrowing direct from de Valera across the water talk of a Christian-Socialist State. The rise of co-racial de Valera has clearly given impetus to things. Some French think it may also have given something else—and, after all, there is justification for the thought if you remember Germany and Casement in 1916.

The resemblings of England and Ireland and France and Brittany are not easily to be denied; they are there, strategically, culturally, economically, religiously, even down to the secret brotherhood, *Gwenn-ha-Du*. Some French are even beginning to wonder what might happen were France to be involved in another war with a discontented Home Rule Brittany in her rear. So like 1916! But the official tendency at present appears to be to liken the trouble to the Carbonari of other days, and it will be interesting to see if this view is correct.

For my part, I should not be inclined to treat Breton events as "much ado" with so many factions at work, such literature in circulation, and such a litany of woe. As I see it, five broadly-traced forces are far from satisfied with Paris: the Communists, the Incorrupt and Devout, the Misery-stricken, the Mystics and Intellectuals (with base at Rennes University), and YOUTH, idle, bored YOUTH, which envisages a different world to one of war almost as heartily as its parents are in revolt at the crippling taxes one-third of which go in armaments. What Paris could learn from London in regard to Brittany, chiefly how *not* to handle it! And how to stop the moderates of to-day moving into extremer folds. Yes, the Irish resemblance is there—with this possible difference, that whereas sixty years divided the dynamiting of the Fenians and the Free State, in the times in which we live assuredly no such span will divide the dynamiting of Rennes and the dénouement. Either this business is nothing and will fade out, or else it will march as everything marches these years of pace.

THE BLESSING OF THE SEA: A scene at Douarnenez during one of the processions that display the deeply religious life of Brittany. All the boats are in harbour for this annual devotional ceremony which well expresses and proves the depth of the Catholic influence in the Duchy

VIRTUE IN THE POSE: The blind and crippled beggars have a great advantage in being able to display their disabilities to catch the public eye

BEGGARY AS A BUSINESS

In many towns of Central Asia the trade of the street beggar is just as honourable—and profitable—as many another craft or handwork, usury or salesmanship. Many a beggar who whines around in indescribably filthy rags is a rich man owning large properties. All of them belong to a guild, or trade union, whose regulations are just as rigorous as those of any European union or modern political party. At their assemblies they elect a president and executive, who represent the guild in any desired action and allocate the spheres and activities of members. Oft-times a family has "worked" a particular line for generations, and they permit no outsider to trespass on their preserves. The executive also sets a value on every inhabitant of a particular quarter, and whether he be salesman, craftsman, or retired official, his contribution to the guild is fixed. Should he fail to render his fee, the organization has ways and means of compulsion.

A crowd of disreputable fellows begins to assemble methodically at the door of the recalcitrant's house and set to work to annoy every ingoer or parting person. Women with babies at the breast appear and pinch the infants to make them howl; drums and other noisy instruments are brought up and there is pandemonium until, for peace, the poor householder buys off the disturbers by paying the contribution plus a fee for "quiet and right to work." With the money extracted, the beggars hie off to spend the night in debauchery and opium smoking before returning next day to their ordinary activities. Or, during the night a burglary takes place. The person robbed hastens to the beggars' headquarters and bargains for a return of the goods; a sum changes hands, and next day all is as usual.

In such towns the European who gives alms is a marked man for the rest of his stay. Cohorts of beggars follow him about without intermission; they cast themselves before him in the dust, whining, sobbing, droning the whole day long. Curses fall on deaf ears; to chase them away is of little avail; only a few copper coins will procure a few hours' rest from the attentions of the miserable mob. W. B.

THE BLACKMAIL OF BEGGARY: If a business man refuses to pay tribute to the beggars' guild, his house is beset with a yelling mob which will disperse only when the contribution plus a bonus is paid

THE RELIGIOUS BEGGAR bears a staff on which hang morsels of cloth cut from the robes of dead fakirs. He is generally a fanatic who is present at all religious festivals

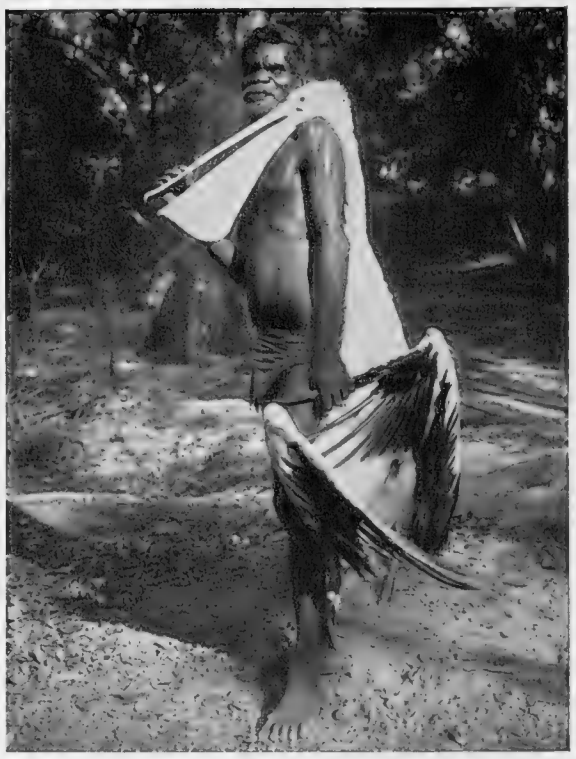
The FAMOUS MANGO TRICK Once Again Discussed

STAGE ONE: The magician plants the seed in the little pile of earth spread on a cloth

STAGE TWO: He begins to sprinkle the little plant with water from a sponge as it grows larger

STAGE THREE: The conjurer lifts the shrub from its bed

Many of the illusions performed by the Indian jugglers are tricks of deception or, in the narrower sense of the term, by sleight of hand only. The Mango Trick—which, with its fellow in discussion, the Rope Trick, has come once again into the public consciousness, in which the juggler places a mango seed in a pot of earth and, covering it with a cloth, thereafter discloses it in various stages of its growth to maturity—might be placed in this category of jugglery. For it would seem, despite the many views even of European witnesses, that success depends more upon the juggler's power to divert the onlookers' attention than to any particular powers or even his own celerity of movement. The theories of hypnotism and mass suggestion have been promulgated as "explanations" for these illusions, but the camera, with regard to the Mango Trick, in any event, tends to disprove the hypothesis. The Rope Trick would seem to be, from the point of view of actual eye-witnesses, as elusive as the Great Sea Serpent. Such diverse personalities as the late Lord Curzon and Mr. Nevill Maskelyne have in vain offered large rewards for a demonstration



EVERY ABORIGINE WITH A PELICAN IN HIS POT: The bird has been slain with a boomerang and will be cooked over flames kindled with the fire-stick

ABORIGINAL INITIATION

A rich harvest of information has been reaped in recent years by explorers and investigators in all corners of the world on the habits and customs of primitive peoples, the better to build up theories on the motives which encourage their strange ceremonies. Sometimes these customs are very elaborate and involved, requiring close study to unravel marriage and relationship restrictions particularly so; while manhood ceremonies are generally very serious, strict, and secret matters.

So in Central and Northern Australia, where Francis Birtles, the explorer, has spent much time among the aborigines. Happily he has been accepted by these people as one of themselves. As is usual, in connection with such affairs, the female element is strictly excluded, and for a woman to be caught observing any part of the initiation, even from afar, may involve serious consequences for her.

The initiation ceremonies are generally in the form of severe trials of endurance for the newcomers, and particularly is this so on entrance into the manhood class. In Central Australia the tests are such that death under the trial is not infrequent. Unconsciously, this embodies the principle of selective breeding: "the survival of the fittest." Those who cannot stand the strain are weeded out, for they will only become a drag on the tribe in days of famine, in the hunt, and in warfare. There are amongst the aborigines four main classes: the boys under fourteen years, lads between fourteen and twenty years, men between twenty and forty years, and lastly the elderly men. Each step upwards is made by passing new tests which, successfully passed, mean more extended rights and, of course, new tribal duties.

Before all initiation ceremonies there is a long period of fasting; certain foods are particularly prohibited. Sometimes the initiate will have a tooth knocked out, and wounds made on breast and back by sharp stone instruments; the whole day long he and his comrades must lie out under the broiling sun without anything to drink, and stay in the open all night without cover. J. E. P.-H.

INITIATION: The "Making Young Man" Corroboree. The spears are stuck in the ground behind the candidates. The M.C. has a ceremonial sword. White sticks mark the places occupied by those who succumbed

AFTER THE EMU CEREMONY: A group of old men at a religious ceremony. The circular decoration on the neck is emblematic of the (non-existent) emu's womb; the concentric circles are sacred

TO SAVE THE CHILDREN

THE RIGHT OF WAY demonstrated at a "cross-roads" evoked in a Danish child's gymnasium. To make the children traffic-conscious is at once a safeguard to them in the pedestrian days of childhood and the vehicular days of later life

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK: A policeman at Woodford, Essex, who always escorts the children from the neighbouring school across the road. He would need to be Briareus to hold all the hands that are offered. Yet, despite this care at many danger points, 35 to 40 children a week meet their deaths on our roads

TRAFFIC-CULTURE IN DANISH SCHOOLS: The latest physical training in Denmark is of severely practical type and is designed to teach the rules of the road. Chalk lines mark houses, pavements, and street proper, and the grouped children act as full-sized vehicles, single figures as cycles

A STREET CAR SCENE staged in a Danish gymnasium which is designed to teach children how to enter and alight from public vehicles. Warned by the stupendous casualty-of-the-road figures of all countries, Denmark has taken the sensible course of training the very young to be road-wary

BLESSINGS ON THE TRAFFIC SIGNALS OF TOKIO: Shinto priests conduct a purification ceremony over a traffic signal newly erected in a busy street. The upper characters read "Danger"; the lower, in electric lights, "Beware"

AT THE BOTTOM

(II) IN SOUTH AM

By ROSITA FORBES

This, the Second of a Short Series of Four Articles from the Gifted Pen of this Distinguished Traveller, Describes the Life of Patagonia and its Environs

ON A TWENTY-DAY DRIVE: A Patagonian mule team carting out wood. Save in the Germanic areas, roads are appalling where they are not non-existent, and the only form of travel is by horse, bullock, or mule

South America is as prolific with surprises as a snake with its ninety eggs. But one of the most startling contrasts in a continent which changes character and characteristics with the rapidity of the kaleidoscope is that between Rio Negro or Chubut on the Argentine side of the Andes and the provinces of Valdivia and Cautin on the Chilean.

Patagonia is certainly the bottom of the world and equally surely is it Scots. I am convinced that even the sheep communicate in Gaelic, though sometimes it may be tinged with a slight Australian accent.

Sheep, of course, are the real inhabitants of Rio Negro, Chubut, and other Patagonian provinces. Priceless Merino rams are treasured above their weight in rubies. If one gets a cold after having been dipped for scab, the whole estancia is in a ferment.

"I must say I prefer sheep to humans," said a manager, who came from Perth in Scotland by way of Perth in Western Australia; "they haven't any vices at all, as far as I can see, and they must have some sense, because they've got memories. When they've once been dipped you'll have hard work to get 'em up to the trough again even if it's months afterwards."

The main subject of conversation for many hundred miles is sheep—but you can travel innumerable leagues and see nothing at all, human or animal, except, perhaps, an ostrich looking like a draggled Degas dancing girl, or a guanaco making ready to spit.

My first impression of Patagonia was its extraordinary emptiness. We drove from railhead at Pilcaniyiu for five days. All around us a concentratedly prickly bush called the neneo made tuffets and hassocks, ranging from a few inches to 3 ft. high. Each clump is a ready-laid fire, for the bush is full of resin. Whenever the cold became intolerable we got out of the car and put a match to a neneo bush. Tramps, riding in search of work, shelter, or sheep which could conveniently be stolen, did the same. Without the neneo bush I feel that travelling Patagonians would freeze.

South of Rio Negro, everyone rides, and even the poorest contrives to have a second horse running alongside. The majority travel with a "tropilla" (troop) ambling contentedly after a bell mare, with whom they have been trained to stay. Prisoners ride. You see a band of them with a couple of policemen, all looking very cold, jogging along day after day to the nearest gaol, which may be three weeks away on the coast. (Distance in Patagonia seems to be measured by the time it takes a man to cover the ground on a horse.) Indians ride with their families pillion behind them. The peons, magnificently astride table-topped saddles piled with sheepskins which they use as beds at night, look like dark-sailed ships, for their sable ponchos belly in the wind, and they swing from side to side as they gallop, like a cutter changing her tack.

It is a supremely picturesque country if you happen to appreciate desolation. The plains are littered with stones. The vegetation specializes in different kinds of thorns. The landmarks are dark masses of rock split into talons and hammers. Sometimes it looks as though a carpet of the rough neneo tussocks has been nailed across the barren downs with wedges of granite. Beyond these curiously-shaped cliffs are the Andes. They get lower as they run South, but they are always snow-covered. Their planes are so smooth that they suggest sheets drawn taut against the pale sky. The majority of the townships are a litter of corrugated iron and adobe. The houses stand at all angles. They are one-storeyed and squat. The fences are a patchwork of rusty iron tins. Wind-breaks are made of faded brushwood held together by wire, in which have become entangled weeks-old scraps of paper.

The puestero's house is like an oblong mud pie dumped in the middle of a three-league paddock. Sometimes it contains two rooms, filled with smoke from an open fire. There is no furniture except a few wooden boxes to sit on and a sort of bunk, not unlike a packing-case, piled with heterogeneous bedding, under which, fully clothed, the whole family and any visitors that come along sleep in comfortable warmth.

The average Indian, who hates being called anything more distinctive than "a countryman," lives in a cube of adobe without a chimney and sometimes without windows. Inside this single-roomed hutch the atmosphere is so thick one cannot breathe or see. Animals limp about the earthen floor; they seem to be always lame, thin, and hungry. Skins of skunk, hare, and carrion birds are drying on the walls. There are generally half-a-dozen skeepskins, stiff as boards, in a corner, the ears having been cut off to hide the distinguishing brands. It is illegal in Patagonia to cut the ears off a hide.

THE AUTHOR MOUNTED ON A WHITE STEED: Rosita Forbes in the goat skin trousers and cloak of the plains

But nobody troubles very much about the law, the country is so vast. The largest company owns over 2,000,000 sheep. The farms run into 50 and 100 sq. miles. Land is measured by the league. In a single winter 5,000 to 10,000 animals may be stolen from one of the large estancias. For months rivers may be impassable. A whole flock can be buried in a snowdrift. Water freezes 2 or 3 ft. deep. A wind which is like an iced razor blade blows night and day across the treeless plains.

It is a hard land, where nobody grows old. That is one of my chief impressions of Patagonia—you never see an old person, just as you never see a thin one. Fat is greatly admired. "She is beautiful—see all the lovely rolls of flesh on her," is the highest praise which can be accorded to a woman. Clothes are worn, by those who possess them, one garment on top of another. Undressing a Patagonian would be like peeling a many-skinned fruit, but during eight months of the year undressing is just not done!

Another impression I have is of colonies planted without geographical logic, in the most unexpected places. The extreme South is Scots; consequently it is prosperous and well organized. Even the shepherds, I am told, have "good houses with rugs over the floor and cloths on the tables."

Then there is a wide layer of Welsh. Trelew and October 16 settlements end their sentences with "Yes, yes, whateffer," and their Spanish is still—after sixty and forty years respectively—less fluent than the language their fathers and grandfathers brought from Wales.

Between these British groups is a colony of Boer farmers who objected to alien rule in the Transvaal.

Syrians, who for no reason at all are always called Turks, congregate wherever there is anything to sell or buy.

I don't know where the Argentines come in, for the company managers appear to be Germans, when they're not Anglo-Saxons, and the smallest settlers are Chileans or Indians, whose hobby seems to be sheep-stealing, and whose one relaxation is murder!

I must say they've every reason for it, for if their life was hard before the crisis it is now intolerable. When times were better they got into debt to the local store, because they wanted tassels for their bridles and huge silver spurs with rowels like the rays of a particularly angry sun. When the price of wool fell, the storekeepers balanced their ledgers by seizing their debtors' sheep. The miserable settlers were

ICE IN MIDSUMMER: Breaking ice on a water tank for the Patagonian sheep, most of which almost bleat in Scots! The great estancias number some 2,000,000 sheep

OF THE WORLD

ERICA TO-DAY

AN INQUILINO OF CHILE is even more arresting than a Gaucho of Argentina, for he has a vivid eye and a strong taste for colour. He is, perhaps, as polychromatic as his native parakeet

GETTING WARM IN PATAGONIA is no easy task. On trek it is accomplished by dismounting and kindling one of the neneo bushes and standing by the blaze. The wind is like an iced razor blade, and the peasantry piles as many clothes on as possible and never undresses

obliged to eat somebody else's or starve, and when they couldn't stand it any longer they naturally put a bullet or a knife into the storekeeper. Sometimes they let themselves go on the corpse, and then it became a serious affair; but for a quick murder—one cut or one cartridge—the penalty is not very heavy, because gaols are overcrowded, and killing in certain circumstances is really quite a respectable crime!

From this dun-coloured and apparently deserted land, where invisible sheep are pastured at an average of 1 to 10 acres, where, if there are any fences at all, they go on for interminable leagues of wire, without any break except perhaps the bleached skeleton of an animal which has got entangled, we crossed the Andes into Chile. We crossed the pass in a bullock cart, because in winter there is no other means of transport. A youth with a 14-ft. pole prodded our team in their most susceptible parts, so that we achieved an average speed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, during which we sat on our luggage wrapped in everything we could lay hold of, and meditated on the startling beauty of our surroundings. The Patagonian desert might have been the other end of the world, instead of across a single range. Beech forests turning scarlet were spread beneath majestic snow peaks of such definite and spectacular shape that I felt they ought to be some modernist's design for a stage society setting. Sunk between the forests and reflecting the green-white of glaciers, and the amazing orange of the neri bushes, which gave the effect of a continuous flame, were a string of lakes, each one of a different and distinctive colour. And this miracle went on for days, during which we kept on changing from toy steamer to launch, from motor-car to lorry. I don't know which lake was the most lovely, because between Bariloche in the Argentine and Puerto Varas on the excellent Chilean State Railway there is a string of them, some scarcely bigger than pools, all of them jewel-painted, and the majority surrounded by such steep cliffs that roads are an impossibility. Nevertheless, there is a very-well arranged transport service, of which the bullock-cart is the shortest and the most picturesque stage.

At night one finds oneself decanted from some form of land or water conveyance at a comfortable wooden hotel, the view from whose balconies invariably makes one gasp. And on the second day from Bariloche or the third from Pilcaniyiu after leaving Ensenada in the middle of last century's flood of lava, in the crevices of which blackberries and fuchsias are beginning to grow, one rubs one's eyes and finds oneself not only in Chile but in Germany.

If the best educated Patagonian sheep talk Gaelic, certainly in Valdivia the dogs bark in German—and there are lots of them! Each solidly built wooden farmhouse has its own pack. We begged the loan of an inner tube from a particularly attractive farmstead with a deep-eaved roof covered with shales (wooden tiles), and an agitated young giant, blonde and blue-eyed, leaned out between frilled blue curtains and yelled in German, "Don't come in—don't come in, the dogs are treacherous!"

But except for these wolf-like creatures who object to strangers, Valdivia is a hospitable province. Its villages are Bavarian or Westphalian. Everything is made of wood, the houses, churches, and steeples, the water-towers and porches, the silos which store the grain and are shaped like gun turrets, the old conical threshing floors, and the tremendously heavy palings which surround paddocks, shrunk on this western side of the Andes to European dimensions.

The country is pleasantly rolling, a series of small rounded hillocks, each crowned with a solid, comfortable-looking farm. Gardens blaze with chrysanthemums. The meadows are closely turfed as an English park. The cattle are black and white—and clearly visible. Everything is extremely neat; even the roads are good. In fact, it was rather like being dropped suddenly from the barren, colourless moon plains into the heart of agricultural Germany.

In Chubut, the indigenous inhabitants probably know even less about marriage than about their curiously mixed origin; whereas across the Andes, each sheltered household, intent on dairy farming and intensive fruit growing, is immensely proud, both of being genuinely Chilean and of securely wedded parents or more likely great-grandparents, who a century ago emigrated from Catholic and liberal German provinces in the first grip of Prussianization.

The contrast becomes intensified as one goes North, through well-built wooden townships, dominated by churches and flour-mills. But still the whole population rides, and the Chilean is more picturesque than the Argentine gaucho, for he likes colour. His poncho may be scarlet or orange; sometimes it has a flamboyant border woven in many colours. In fact, Joseph with his legendary coat could present no braver show than the Chilean "inquilino" on Sundays. His crinkled leather boots come up to his thighs; his broad-brimmed hat is tilted at an angle. He carries a spare cloak across his shoulders, and it swings with the swagger of a Highlander's plaid. Sometimes he has high heels and silver spurs. His stirrups are like heavily embossed wooden coal-shovels, and a dyed sheepskin on a piebald horse adds to the general effect.

The women ride as well, but they don't wear the heavy goatskin trousers popular among Patagonian country folk. They affect a round sheepskin cap, and they carry their babies or their purchases under an all-enveloping cloak. Their side-saddles have a pommel on each side of the right leg, so that one sinks into them as into a box without a lid.

Southern Chile is thickly forested. There is wood for everything and to spare. Leagues of Government land are still uncleared. Charcoal burners ply a profitable trade whenever a landowner is developing more acreage. They are migrants, so they live in temporary thatched shelters, outside which I've seen them meticulously shaving before donning overalls not unlike those of hospital students. Their round mud ovens, pierced with rows of smoke-holes, look like dark mushrooms, and they are very pleasant places to sit in when the fire is out.

Temuco is the centre of the Araucanian Indians, of whom perhaps 120,000 remain in Chile. Here, one returns to the primitive life which has neither dates, clocks, nor calendars, except so far as sowing and harvesting are concerned. Various missions are making artisans and agriculturalists from the raw material which swarms out of the reed hovels. But still the average Araucanian worships a vague principle of good, with which he is not much concerned, and spends most of his life miserably propitiating evil spirits.

Those who come under the influence of the energetic and remarkably capable missionaries are inclined to realize that white medicine is better than their own, but still the village doctoring is done by medicine-women, who are also sorceresses. I've heard of cases where men undertake the rôle. For some unknown reason, which no Araucanian can or will explain, they live their lives as women, dressing in female garments, sharing a hut with a nominal "husband," and speaking always as if they were the opposite sex. The Government wisely treats these Indians as minors. They cannot sell or mortgage their lands, which are always unfenced, because the Araucanian is born tired. In his original state, he doesn't want more than the extremely limited necessities of the moment, and thus he represents the opposite pole to his neighbours — practical, hard-working Chilean farmers of German stock and principles who, effectively aided by far-seeing Chilean Governments, have built up a civilization as prosperous as anything we saw in South America, and far more permanent in appearance.

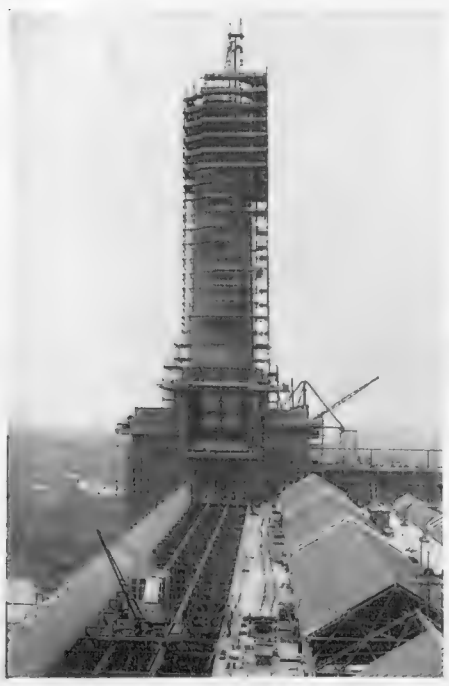
A CHILEAN CHARCOAL OVEN in which, when the fire has been extinguished, one may sit and gain a little precious warmth

THE MIDDAY ROAST of a Patagonian sundowner is usually somebody else's sheep

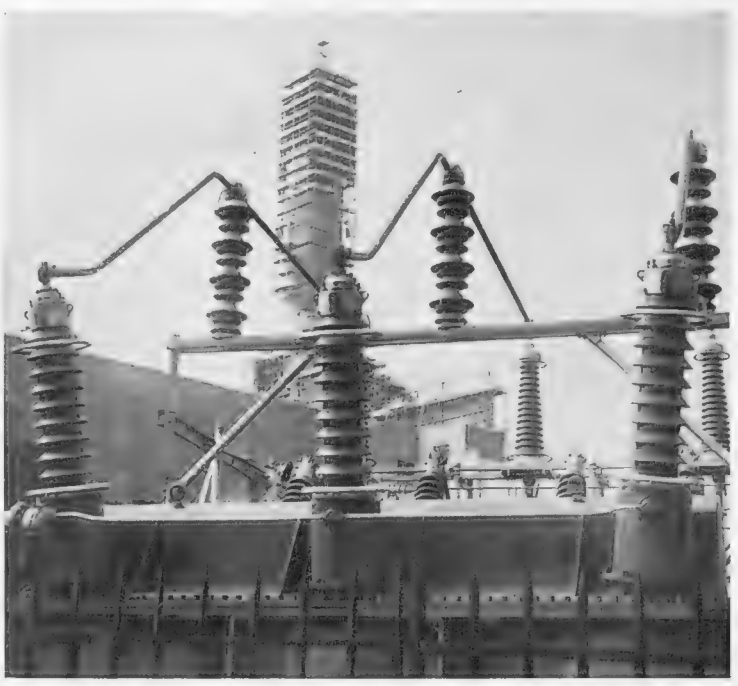
IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION: The stately 28 ft. diameter chimney. In the foreground is the gantry for handling coal. It can deal with 480 tons per hour

THROUGH THE SCAFFOLDING of the great New Power Station, the tower of Westminster Cathedral dominates one aspect of the view at the base of the picture. One of the cranes used for unloading from the company's steamers the coal required for the station can be discerned

IN THE SWITCH HOUSE: This is 370 ft. by 85 ft. by 80 ft. high and contains a first instalment of 51–66,000 volt switches. In addition to the 66,000 volt switchgear, there will also be installed in suitable locations in the station and boiler houses, 3,300 volt and 400 volt switchgear for controlling the output of the auxiliary generators and the auxiliary supplies to the various power and lighting circuits



FROM THE ROOF OF THE BOILER HOUSE: In the foreground is the supporting steelwork for the roof of the main flue which acts as a chamber where the gases are purified



THE ARCHITECTURE OF ELECTRICITY against which rises the gigantic chimney of the Battersea Power Station. Some idea of its vastness may be gleaned from the fact that its cross-section would admit the passage of six of the latest type of the London General Omnibus Company's vehicles

BATTERSEA'S POWER STATION

In the near future London is to witness the opening of an enormous Electric Power Station now under construction in the Battersea area. The station, the last word in electrical power, has now been in course of construction over four years, and when finally completed will have an ultimate capacity of 400,000 kilowatts.

The site for the scheme comprises an area of fifteen acres and has siding connections with the Great Western Railway.

The station is a "selected" one under the South-East of England Electricity Scheme, and will form part of the London Power Company's Interconnected System, including the power stations at East and West Deptford, Willesden, Grove Road, and Bow.

At the commencement of operations the building area was surrounded by steel sheet piles, approximately 45 ft. in length, driven into the London clay through the overlying gravel in order to exclude the water before excavating the basement. Afterwards permanent concrete retaining walls were founded on the London clay inside the steel sheet piling. Operations, however, were rendered more difficult owing to deep depressions in the clay, and to overcome this it was necessary to drive in piles 75 ft. long.

The main buildings are of brickwork supported by steel framing, and it is estimated that 15,000 tons of steelwork and about 9,000,000 bricks have been used in the construction of the first half of the station.

The scheme provides for a reinforced concrete jetty 426 ft. by 36 ft. built in cofferdam style on 228 yards of the river front. At high tide the depth of water alongside the jetty will be 30 ft. and two colliers of approximately 2,000 tons burden can be berthed alongside simultaneously. Two coaling cranes will discharge the boats by grab on to the conveyor belts which can each convey 240 tons to the coal store or direct to boiler bunkers.

A coal store 200 ft. wide and 580 ft. long, having a capacity of 75,000 tons, has been sunk between the river front and the main buildings. The coal will be deposited in or removed from the store by means of endless belt conveyors, and a travelling transporter bridge will span this store.

A supply of water at a maximum rate of 12,000,000 gallons per hour will be required for the turbine condensers which have been introduced. This water will be taken from and returned to the River Thames through 12 ft. diameter tunnels which have already been completed. The total length of these tunnels is 950 ft.

The central boiler house, 150 ft. in height, will have massive towers on either side, and superimposed on these towers will be fluted concrete chimneys rising to a height of approximately 430 ft., four in number for the completed station. On each side of the towers will extend the gable ends of the turbine and switch houses.

The tops of the chimneys will almost equal the highest point of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Amongst the many interesting achievements in boilers and the boiler-house design are the following:

The first boiler house will be 500 ft. by 105 ft. by 150 ft. high, and will ultimately contain nine boilers capable of producing a total of some 1,300 tons of steam per hour at a pressure of 650 lbs. per sq. in., and a total temperature of 875–900 degs. Fahrenheit. Again, each boiler will have a maximum steam output of 330,000 lbs. per hour, and will occupy a ground area at firing floor level of 1,050 sq. ft., the fan floor being about 100 ft. above this level.

The first turbine house will be 475 ft. by 80 ft. by 100 ft. high, and will contain a loading bay 60 ft. long—one 150-ton and one 20-ton overhead electric crane, and three 80,000 kVA turbo-alternators with direct-coupled house service or auxiliary alternators of 6,250 kVA capacity. The condensers

(Continued on p. 496)

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO!

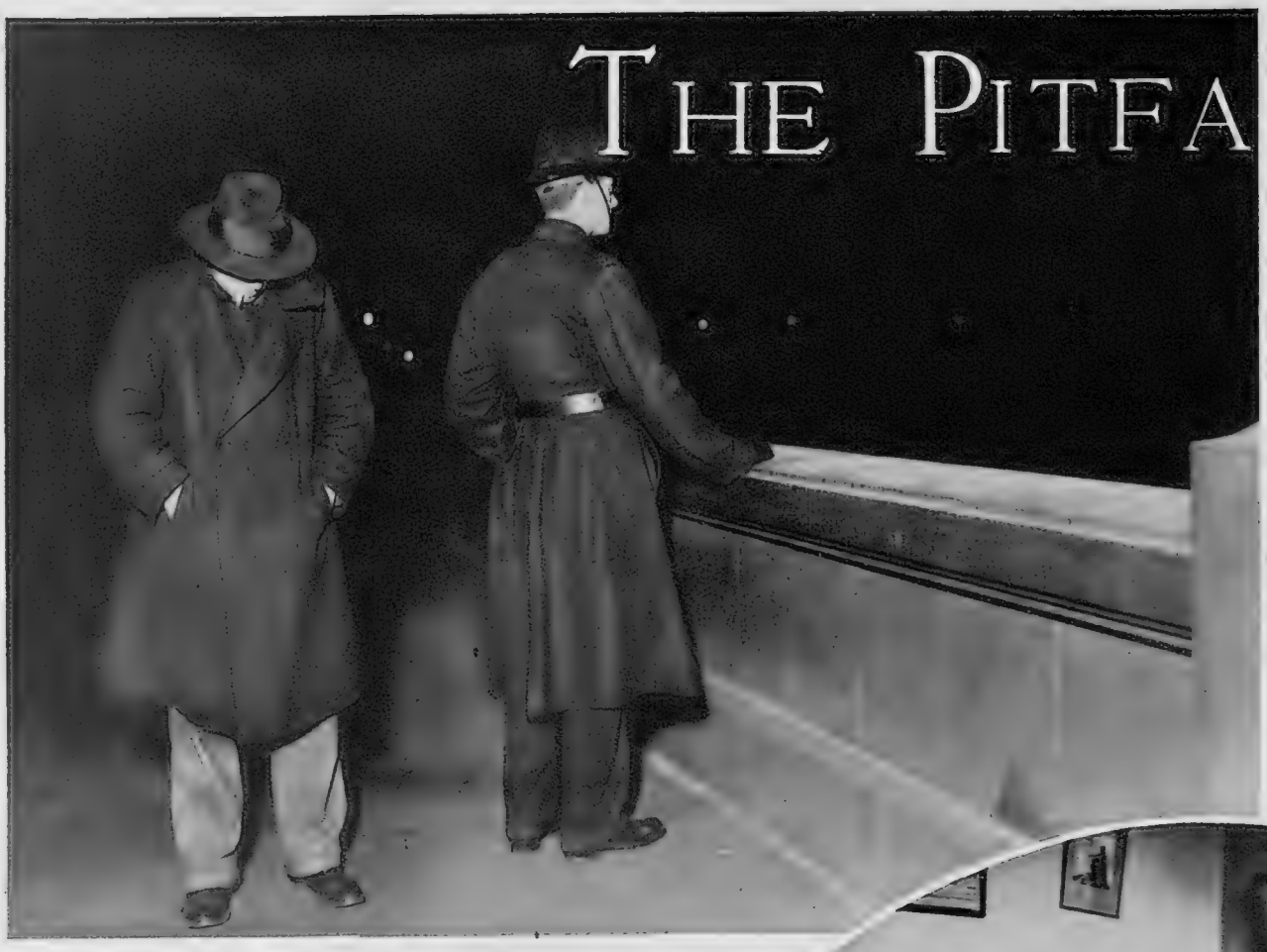
HOMEWARD BOUND: An evening vignette of the East Sussex caught by the camera near Cowbeach

Right—
"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY": A glimpse of the meet of the Cottesmore at Somerby

THROUGH ROCKINGHAM VILLAGE

The hounds of the Woodland Pytchley move off through the attractive Northants village near Kettering. The Woodland Pytchley borders the Pytchley and the Fernie country, and at one time —before 1874—was identical with the former

THE PITFALLS OF



FLOTSAM OF THE CITY should not be helped by a casual penny or shilling. If one is really affected towards the unfortunate, such alms are too small; if not, one is purchasing self-esteem too dearly. Write for advice to the C. O. S.

Christmas is coming
The pigs are getting fat,
Please put a penny in
The old man's hat.

During the next fortnight everyone grows more charitably inclined, and the rogues and sharks who batten on our good nature do better than ever. It can be calculated that every year about £47,000,000 is given voluntarily to good charities in this country, and it has been estimated that another £5,000,000 or £10,000,000 is given to scoundrels or to undeserving charities. No country in the world approaches us in the volume of general charity, nor can any other country boast of a voluntary hospital system which can begin to compare with ours. In most foreign countries the charities are religious or of religious origin, and when money is given or bequeathed by kindly people it usually goes to religious orders. True, the Americans have copied us up to a point with their community chests—a system whereby charity drives are held for a week in some city—and (all kinds of money having been raised) different hospitals and institutions benefit. Americans like to see their names figuring as donors of large cheques to a common fund. In England this would not work. Many of the largest donations are given anonymously, and in any case we have the taste for the personal touch much more strongly developed.

It is for this very reason that so much crookedness can flourish over here, and in consequence the Charity Organisation Society has to work so closely in touch with Scotland Yard itself. Official advice is "inquire first"—

(1) Before giving to house to house collectors for charity.
(2) Before giving to beggars in the street or at your door.
(3) Before buying concert tickets, needlework, pictures, and poems offered on a charitable plea.
(4) Before sending money in reply to pathetic advertisements in the agony columns or urgent appeals by letter.
(5) Before giving your name as patron of a charity.
(6) Before accepting a collecting box or giving permission for a staff collection to be taken.

"The worst disgrace of all," I was told, "is the door to door collection. Certain charities rely on these very largely to swell their bank account. Many of them have very high sounding names, prefixed by the word 'National.' Ninety per cent. of them claim to be for the benefit of animals, children, or sailors—always a certain draw. Here are some of the names on the cautionary cards which we send to all inquiries—

"The National Sailors' Society.
"The National Child Welfare Society.
"The Poor Children's Society.
"The Poor Children's Outing Fund.
"The Poor Children's Free Meal Centre.
"The National Naval Cadet Corps.
"The Boys' Aid Society.
"The Destitute Children's Aid Fund.
"The League for the Prohibition of Steel Traps.
"The Home for Horses.
"The London Evangelistic Association.

"In some cases the collectors dress up as clergymen. In others they dress up as nurses or wear fancy dress."

The cautionary card also gives the names of individual sharks who pretend they are doctors' daughters awaiting a remittance from Australia, or ask for help to start a papier-maché works, or say they are professors wanting to arrange concerts, or Canadians getting back to Canada, or old soldiers wanting to redeem clarinets, or former servants wanting to go to the Dominions, or promising authors whose work has not yet been published, or omnibus conductors organizing benefit concerts. All of these are working overtime between now and the New Year and, as usual, are collecting any amount of money for themselves.

THE SAFEGUARD OF THE GENEROUS: The Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society who, working in close touch with Scotland Yard, has on his books lists of most of the bogus organisations, contributions to which go into the pockets of collector or organiser

Every year about 10,000 inquiries reach Denison House, the headquarters of the Charity Organisation Society and more than 70 per cent. of the charities mentioned are frauds. This does not mean that 70 per cent. of all charities are frauds. Obviously no one is going to write in and ask whether Bart's or the Paddington Green Children's Hospital (to quote two of the most deserving objects of charities in the country) are genuine. But it is just as well that people sometimes think of asking about the Hospital Donations Aid Society, or the National Society for Cancer Relief, or the National Society for Adult Cripples. The trouble is that the sharks invent such likely sounding names, while some of the most genuine and deserving sound "phony," to use a vivid Americanism. The Army Compassionate Fund, the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Loan Society, the London Spectacle Mission are three very worthy charities, for example. But if you knew nothing about them you might cock an eye at them.

I always like to be actual where possible, and so I arranged to see the various tabulated inquiries at Denison House on the day I called last week. There were about 200, of which I have selected seven or eight at random, together with the secretary's comment on each.

The first was the Suffering Animals League of Kashmir. "I am sure it is quite genuine," said the secretary, "and that quite a number of local donkeys are assisted by the aid of its organiser—a kindly Englishwoman who floods the country with appeals. But don't you think people should be encouraged to spend their money in a wiser and more helpful way?"

The next was the League of Blind Gardeners. "That is perfectly genuine and a most admirable charity," said the secretary.

The third was asking about Melton Reynolds. What the secretary knew about him would fill a book. "Sometimes," he said, "he calls himself Major Todd or even Major Todd-Potts. He has an office in the City with various departments, if you please. He has recently started an International Department. One of his best and, I expect, most profitable inventions is the League for Hunted Animals. Listen to this extract from one of his appeals: 'Protect the helpless stag. Picture the plight of this beautiful animal beset with yelping men and dogs thirsting for its life-blood to appease their unnatural appetite for excitement.' Another of his departments sends out poems, one of which is called 'Lavender and Lace.' In the covering letter he says he is reviving the quaint old songs of the Motherland, and asks you to buy three of them for 5s."

The fourth was about Mrs. Fisher, who wrote to say that she was an old housemaid (under the name of Smith) in the household of Sir Ian Hamilton. She got £12 for that.

The fifth was an inquiry about an East-End

WHERE THE SHEEP AND... Charity Organisation...

There are numbers of bogus charities, numbers of charities that are no longer deserving, numbers of charities on be-

CHARITY: A Salutary Warning to the Indiscriminate Alms-Givers Lest they Become Victims of their Own Generosity at this Season, Sounded by the Charity Organisation Society

By CHARLES GRAVES

clergyman who sends out wild appeals about his being the poorest parish in London. He is quite genuine, if a little hysterical, but says nothing about the maintenance work which goes on year in and year out among his parishioners.

The sixth was an inquiry from Lord Jersey's secretary on behalf of his employer in connection with an old jockey who claimed to have ridden for his late father. The secretary said that investigations would probably prove this to be genuine.

The seventh was from a woman who had bought a copy of *Uncle Lionel's Hour* from a man dressed up as a clergyman on behalf of the London Evangelistic Association. I have already mentioned that this charity is on the cautionary card.

The eighth was about the Order of the Child, a movement to put down Communistic Sunday schools. "Have you ever come across anyone who has ever seen or been inside a Communistic Sunday school?" asked the secretary drily.

"Well," he continued, "this is a pretty representative bunch. But I ought to tell you some more about Melton Reynolds. Not long ago he managed to be the guest of honour at a dinner given by the members of a famous county society in London. Then he paid 10s. and became a member of the Royal Society of St. George, a worthy patriotic society. Whereupon he headed his notepaper F.R.S. (S.G.). It looked like Fellow of the Royal Society. You see? Here at Denison House we are constantly in touch with Scotland Yard, as I have told you. What surprises you is how certain of these scoundrels get away with it. They are shown up time and again, and yet continue unscathed and invulnerable from the police. It seems odd to a layman; but if you start up a fund for anything you like, you can always tell the police that, of course, you cannot start doing good works with the money you have collected until enough has been given you to start the thing properly. It appears that the police cannot force you to show your books unless false pretences have been proved, and until the books are shown it is impossible to prove false pretences, and so it goes on. Some of these bogus charities go on year after year, and have nothing to show for the money they have collected."

He lighted a cigarette and went on. "There are also charities run by well-meaning old women who, in order to raise money, will agree to give as much as 9s. out of every pound raised to the collectors. There are also charities the purpose of which has long since evaporated. It was Gladstone who said that the first principle of charity should be its extinction—in other words, it should rectify the situation for which it was created and then shut up shop. Believe me, very few charities ever do that. The people who hold nice fat jobs in connection with them don't want to lose their jobs."

Let us say, for example, that there was a charity to feed albino Chinese children during the trouble in Manchuria. Well, that trouble is over, but you may be sure that the collectors would still be collecting. I should like to be actual once more and tell you the names of two well-known charities which come under this heading and of which I was told at Denison House, but it is perhaps dangerous to do so except on privileged occasions. I was also told of a "society girl" who receives no less than £500 for superintending a certain flag day, and of a recent charity dance where the total proceeds were in the neighbourhood of

THE BLIND NEVER NEED BEG: Under the Blind Persons' Act they are maintained by the State or their own local authority. Every blind Londoner gets a minimum of 27s. 6d. a week

£500 and the expenses were *exactly* £200 less. Admittedly about £200 went to the charity—but!

At Denison House they hold very strong views about nearly all the flag days. At the moment there are still 300 or 400, but these are being sifted and winnowed and reduced, and the Charity Organisation Society would like to see all but a very few eliminated entirely. It is quite true that the £300 that some local cottage hospital makes out of its annual flag day may be a big slice of its income; but the official view is that flag days are bad for charity.

An even stronger view is held by the Charity Organisation Society on the subject of blind beggars. It was laid down by the Blind Persons Act that local bodies must look after blind people, educate blind children, train them for work, and arrange that they get paid as highly as their sighted colleagues. Elderly blind people get their Old Age Pension at the early age of fifty. Local bodies are compelled to make generous allowances to unemployable blind persons, as well as to their wives and children. Thus in London an adult blind man receives, year in and year out, 27s. 6d. a week, apart from what he receives in respect of his wife and children. Said the secretary of the Charity Organisation Committee, "I think it ought to be a penal offence for a blind man or a blind woman to beg."

True, a blind person who begs does not receive his or her 27s. 6d. a week, but it means to say that if he or she begs the amount earned by begging is greater than the amount considered to be enough by the State. Next time you pass the two blind beggars in Piccadilly and Regent Street you will, perhaps, reflect on this, I shall. The next time you pass the blind woman outside the Army and Navy Stores in Victoria Street remember what the secretary told me. "Last February," he said, "three people stormed into my office and said it was a disgrace that a civilized country like ours did not take care of poor unfortunates like her. Before I could tell them that the unfortunate in question could have 27s. 6d. every week by sitting at home by her fireside, each told me that she had given her a pair of gloves to keep warm her poor hands, which were blue with cold. Altogether I have received 100 inquiries about her from kindly people, *but these three had all occurred on the same day*.

"On another occasion an old lady in Kensington felt troubled about a match-seller. She got his address and communicated with us. I saw the man, who told me that he lived on the Dagenham Estate. I asked him why he begged in Kensington when he was entitled to over 30s. a week in unemployment benefit in respect of himself, his wife, and his three children. He said that despite the cost of his season ticket from Dagenham he did much better by selling matches and refused to look at any job under 50s. a week.

"There was a street musician we were told about by a woman who had given a shilling to him. She had his address. We went to see him. He was a very nice fellow indeed. We saw the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, who guaranteed him 35s. a week. When we told him about this he was quite frank. He said that he could not possibly accept any job under £6 a week, as it would mean a serious loss. He was frank and charming.

"I can tell you the same story about street pavement artists. I have investigated the cases of two or three of them. Another nice old lady from Kensington brought in the drawings, which she thought showed promise, of an artist whose pitch was outside a church in South Kensington. We saw the man and offered to find him a job at £3 a week as a scene painter. He, too, was quite frank and decent. He said that if he gave up his pitch he would not get it back again, and that a job as a scene painter was precarious. My impression was that only a guaranteed job of £3 10s. a week would have coaxed him away from begging."

To give or not to give? I asked the secretary his opinion. Here is his answer. "If you are really perturbed about the individual beggar you should do very much more than give him a penny or even a shilling. By giving him a shilling all you are doing is to salve your conscience and purchase a few minutes' worth of complacence. If you are genuinely affected by his state, you should do a real job of work and try to find some employment or other method of permanently bettering his lot."

So much for undeserving objects of charity. Most of us must be interested to know what effect the Irish Sweep and the payment of three-quarters of the income-tax in one fell swoop on January 1 has on our major charities such as hospitals. The answer is reassuring. Despite the slump, and everything else, the diminution is scarcely tangible. This is largely because the big subscribers are giving their donations under a seven years' contract scheme whereby every thousand pounds they present is only costing them about five hundred pounds. Some time ago it was discovered that a contract for seven years formed a charge on income. So if a rich man enters on a contract to give, say, a thousand pounds a year for seven years, he sends the cheque for a thousand pounds, less income-tax and sur-tax, to the charity chosen. This charity applies to the Board of Inland Revenue for the difference and they refund it. Winston Churchill, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, tried to stop this, but such an outcry was raised that he had to give up his efforts very quickly.

"It is an extraordinary situation," the secretary recapitulated. "But there is no doubt that a lot of money for charity comes from people who are panic-stricken at the threat of Bolshevism. Certainly, if capitalism came to an end, most charities would do the same. No doubt hospitals would become State-aided, bnt they would never get the service they are getting now from honoraries. A famous surgeon said the other day that two-thirds of his professional time is given free. He and his more distinguished colleagues *might* continue the good work for nothing. But all I can say is that the hospitals, aided by the L.C.C., have to pay special fees for specialists, which a voluntary hospital would never have to do.

In conclusion, one may point out that one of the most effective methods of raising money for charities is by securing permission from the B.B.C. to broadcast. Every year something like £38,000 is raised by these wireless appeals.

THE GOATS ARE INDEXED: The general offices in Vauxhall Bridge Road of the Society, an authority which will gladly tell a prospective benefactor whether or no his money will go whither he intends it should half of which flamboyant appeals are launched, and numbers of really first-class and deserving charities. These are the ones to support, and the wise philanthropist will always write to the Charity Organisation Society giving the type of charity in which he is interested, and asking for those most worthy of support, before he parts with his money.

LONDON BY NIGHT Recorded

HUB O' THE UNIVERSE: A nocturnal impression of Piccadilly Circus, showing the sweep of Swan and Edgar's corner and the electrically-lighted figures advertising the non-stop variety at the London Pavilion. *Below* is a group at a Continental bookstall in London

IN THE SHADOW OF EROS: The apparently "light-struck" patch o is, in reality, due to the movement of his white-banded arm—too qu plates to record without a blur

THE ENTRANCE to one of London's largest cine

Just as daylight photography is extending its possibilities in variou red process and other methods, so night photography is making pro instantaneous work. By the use of special plates it is now possible to ta

by a New Process

OXFORD STREET: The brilliantly illuminated façade of Selfridge's before which is ranked a phalanx of traffic; *on left* is an impression of Leicester Square which bids fair to rival Piccadilly as London's "Great White Way." The exposure was on a hypersensitive plate

patch on the policeman's sleeve
—too quick even for these rapid

st cinemas

NOCTURNE IN THE STRAND: A moment of typical London night-life recorded

various directions by the Infra-
ng progress in the direction of
le to take impressions of London streets at night time with a veracity hitherto impossible. We have, of course, from time to time given night impressions of London, but these plates have not been able to register moving figures, cabs, and omnibuses, nor have they caught the general night impression of the scene, with the same truth and artistic effect which has now been found possible.

PLAYS of TO-DAY:

Pollard Crowther

MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY in a character study. She is scheduled to appear in the new William Walker revue *Ballyhoo*, to be produced at the Comedy Theatre three days before Christmas

That much-polished actress, Miss Madge Titheradge, having for the past four years had matrimonial business with America which kept her from the London stage, has now returned to that stage in a play which is not, I trust, a mirror of domestic affairs on either side of the Atlantic.

Business With America is a trivial piece of absurdity which happens to be, for the most part, exceedingly amusing. The end being more important than the means, we need not therefore worry over being asked to believe that an American business man would make violent love to both the wife and the secretary of one of his European representatives in the latter's flat, in the course of a short dinner-party at which he had been introduced to both for the first time.

Improbability—nay, impossibility—Number Two is that a wife, having seen a pretty secretary take her place as hostess, would be content to pretend to be the secretary.

Another thing which we had to swallow was that the husband, as played by Mr. Clifford Mollison (who made him a semi-articulate crétin with a habit of fainting standing up), should have had the gumption to carry on any form of business, let alone one which enabled him to live in a flat not unlike the more splendacious of the State apartments at Versailles.

Perhaps the most surprising thing of all—and this was an improbability which actually happened—was that the leading lady of the piece consented for the whole of the first act to play second fiddle to (i) a very small dog, and (ii) a very tall blonde in the person of Miss Leonora Corbett.

In this act Miss Titheradge had one short scene only. And, of course, she played it immaculately.

Where *Business with America* scores is in its speed and in the fact that the acting is almost perfect. The right pace was only reached, however, after a slow start.

A distinguished colleague has a peculiar loathing for any form of livestock on the stage, and this play duly made him happy, for, like Gilbert's King Gama, he finds the world—

" . . . . extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at."

It also provided me with one of my pet aversions—which is the play which begins with nothingness and prolongs it for an unconscionable time.

There is no earthly reason why any form of dramatic presentation should not plunge at once *in medias res*. *Business with America*, however, having started late, proceeded to waste precious minutes even after the curtain rose.

Heavens, how I hate that preliminary dawdling which involves, without a word being spoken, a parlourmaid who opens a door and shuts it, who moves a vase of flowers, who switches on the light and switches it off again, all with great deliberation and solemnity and, in this case, mostly in the dark!

Far better was it in the old days when nine plays out of ten started with a butler and a housemaid talking nineteen to the dozen in order to let the audience know what the play was going to be about.

THE RETURN OF *CHAUVE-SOURIS:* This famous will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary in at the Cambridge

Yet, when the kettle at last boiled, there was plenty of fun. Miss Titheradge in Act II, having shed her nervousness and the dog, played with a sly and irresistibly funny sense of practical joking; her appearance made it very hard to believe that she first acted in this theatre in 1905.

Miss Corbett's secretary is by far the best thing she has yet done. Mr. Jan Hunter as the amorous American struck just the right note.

Mr. Clifford Mollison, as the timid, perplexed husband, was to my mind much too obviously farcical and even revuesical. It was a good performance, but of the Hippodrome rather than the Haymarket.

The part—a very difficult one, by the way—needed the quieter but more forceful methods of the late Weedon Grossmith. But it is only fair to add that Mr. Mollison caused much laughter and that he contributed an important share to the gaiety of the best evening I have spent at "the premier comedy theatre of the world", for quite a long time.

To the Ladies is not quite up to the recent form shown by the Embassy Theatre, and is considerably below that of Mr. George Kauffman, who is part-author of it. Yet the piece has its points and, played with native snap, pep, and stepping-on-the-gas, would probably have been diverting enough.

The English company, though capable, and in some cases more than capable, seemed to "feel its position acutely," as they say of well-dressed people in the dock on unmentionable charges. To my horrid mind, there are few situations so subtly amusing as that of a nicely brought-up young English actress using, in the tones of West Kensington, a monosyllable beginning with a b but intending it to denote, poor girl, not that part of her anatomy on which she sits, but a synonym for "dud." Give an English company an American play and such an ordeal, with those mädchen in uniform, the dinner-jacketed dramatic critics, as silent witnesses, is apt to happen quite frequently.

Pollard Crowther

MODERNIST THEATRE PRODUCTIONS: *On left* is an incident from Sybil Thorndike, Miss Ann Casson, playing the half caste, in *Fräulein Elsa*

THE RETURN OF MADGE TITHERADGE to the London stage and of Mr. Clifford Mollison to the legitimate stage was jointly accomplished in *Business with America* at the Haymarket

This play, which concerns business in America, lacks interest rather than probability.

I am quite prepared to believe that there are American business firms by the thousand which exist solely on slogans and bluff, just as there are American families whose members believe implicitly all they see in the

LA REALITE: One of the lesser known facets of *La Revue d'Amour* at the Folies Bergères, at which, in addition to the flamboyantly or scantily clad chorus familiar to the mass of Anglo-Saxon tourists, scenes of realism almost guignolish are presented

The Return of Madge Titheradge : American Life at the Embassy : The Camargo Expound the New Ballet

By PHILIP PAGE

Russian revue with its presiding genius, Vikita Balieff, London. It is opening under the C. B. C. management Theatre on Christmas Eve

Pollard Crowther

London Docks, showing the brilliant daughter of Lewis Casson and being arrested; *on right*, a moment showing Miss Peggy Ashcroft at the Kingsway.

advertisement columns, and are prepared to buy anything in the world on the instalment plan, from a gramophone to an after-dinner speech.

So typically American in his faith in window-dressing is the head of the firm here concerned, that he allows it to be known that of the two clerks expecting promotion the successful candidate will be the one who makes the most glib speech about the firm's business ideals.

The winning speech is made, however, by the wife of one of them. Her husband, who seemed a singularly stupid young man, is allowed to get his promotion and "stay put," simply because the head of the firm is hen-pecked.

As a mixture of Mrs. Caudle and *What Every Woman Knows*, *To the Ladies* would serve very well. As a play for London, it is too thin, too slow in pace, and too alien in atmosphere.

Mr. André van Guyjeghem, about whom there seems to be nothing alien beyond his name, played the hero with temperament and, I believe, a temperature.

Miss Jane Grahame was so good as the loyal, managing, shrewd little wife that should Sir James Barrie see her he will probably, as a "brither Scot," write a play for or about her. Which would be very nice indeed for Miss Grahame.

Every effort to demonstrate that ballet did not die in England with the cessation of visits of those who were not English at all is praiseworthy.

Diaghileff and his troupe, from the great days when he showed us superb dancing in superb ballets, to his last efforts, when he was inclined to sacrifice all to oddity, did sound and artistic work in and for this country, in addition to giving the niminy-piminies a thrill.

Pavlova, even in her Grand Hotelish phase, when she herself, surrounded by a mediocre company, danced but seldom and with but a tenth part of her former genius, never ceased to keep the sacred torch alight.

The Camargo Society has inherited these traditions as well as some of the mighty names of that era to pop into its list of patrons.

The Society's two recent performances at the Adelphi Theatre, to attend one of which I broke through my steadfast determination never to go to a theatre on a Sunday night, showed progress.

That I do not intend as an offensive description. Once, with the best intention in the world, I described a young actress as promising, with the result that she has not only cut me ever since, but has explained to her friends my exact scale of charges for eulogistic criticism.

When I say that the Camargo Society has progressed I mean that exactly. I also mean that it is attempting to progress too swiftly in the pioneering sense. It is necessary to learn to walk before one can run, and to do both before one can dance. Nine-tenths of the Society can walk, run, and dance; but they, or their directors, choreographers, composers, and the rest of it, have not yet the knack of dancing off successfully on those novel excursions into the modern and the bizarre which caused even Diaghileff to trip up badly at times.

For the Diaghileff Ballet had been steadily degenerating long before the death of its directing genius brought it to an end, beyond hope of revival. That was because it concentrated on strangeness rather than technical perfection on accepted lines.

This is a view which will bring a howl of denials from those who claim that dancing must ever go forward and search out something new. I deny that. There is room for exploration, for novel creation in the way of *décor* of music, and to a smaller degree of dancing itself.

But there is less room for such expansion in the art of ballet than, probably, in any other art. An art that depends so largely on the necessarily limited number of attitudes in which two arms, two legs, a head, and a body can be placed, or on the variety of ways in which a collection of legs, arms, heads, and bodies, male and female, can be arranged, is bound to be a conservative art.

Hughes

MISS STEPHANIE STEPHENS, who is now playing the part of Jean in the revival of *Tons of Money* at Daly's. She is the daughter of H. Pottinger Stephens of old Gaiety fame

The whole-hoggers for modernity declare that ballet as a medium of expression can express anything. It cannot. When it concerns itself overmuch with the *outré* it shows its limitations at once and becomes merely monotonous. The safe card, as well as the logical and sensible card for it to play is classical tradition with its pursuit of grace and beauty. And with those who argue that grace and beauty are only relative terms, I will argue until the moon is puce, But not here.

By all means let us have little experiments in the bizarre. But let them be the savouries of the dinner —not its foundation.

The fault I have to find with the Camargo Society, about which so much is admirable, is that they let the bizarre dominate their programmes. Their Adelphi entertainment consisted mainly of savouries, and not wholly successful ones.

By far the best moment of the evening was furnished by the revival of *Les Sylphides*. This is an opinion prompted not by old-fogeydom, but by the conviction that Chopin's music and Fokine's choreography give these girls an opportunity to show how beautifully they can dance; whereas in most of the modern ballets they can only deport themselves comically, which I believe even I can do. Indeed, I would probably beat them on their own ground and look much more comic. *(Continued on p. 496)*

DANGEROUS CORNER IN NEW YORK: Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston, Miss Barbara Robbins, Miss Jane Wheatley, Mr. Cecil Holm, Miss Mary Sewass, Mr. Stanley Ridges, and Miss Jean Dixon in the Priestley play that created so great a success on this side of the Atlantic

GETTING MARRIED: Miss Viola Lyle as Edith Bridgenorth and Mr. Robert Speaight as Cecil Sykes in the revival of the Shavian *Conversation in Dramatic Form*, at the Little

POTTERY and SCULPTURE

At Current Exhibitions

THE GLOVE SHOP by "GWENDOLINE PARNELL" at COLNAGHI'S, NEW BOND ST.

MOTHER-HOOD by GIUSEPPE ZANETTI

ANN BOLEYN by AGATHA WALKER at FINE ART SOCIETY

MRS. SULLEN by AGATHA WALKER at FINE ART SOCIETY

A BAD MAN by LORD DUNSANY at COLNAGHI'S

BULL-DOG by POM-PON at THE VENICE BIENNIAL EXHIBITON

NORWEGIAN PONY by ALINE ELLIS at THE SPORTING GALLERY

The main door is in panels of opaque parchment-coloured glass with decorative iron work. The deep red velvet of the two sofas gives a warm, rich tone to the room. The Italianate atmosphere has been cleverly developed by Mrs. Ogden, whose famous *chic* is manifested in her home as in her clothes

At the opposite end of the room from the fireplace is a small niche for a light where an ivory statuette stands out from a contrasting sable background. The ceiling of the room is most attractive and original with its medallions of brownish-red set against a heavy cream

Italian in conception, this room, designed for Captain Ogden by the Marchese Malacrida, one of the most brilliant of modern interior decorators, has walls of parchment-coloured plaster and a carpet of grey against which the many *objets d'art* in the room blaze like jewels

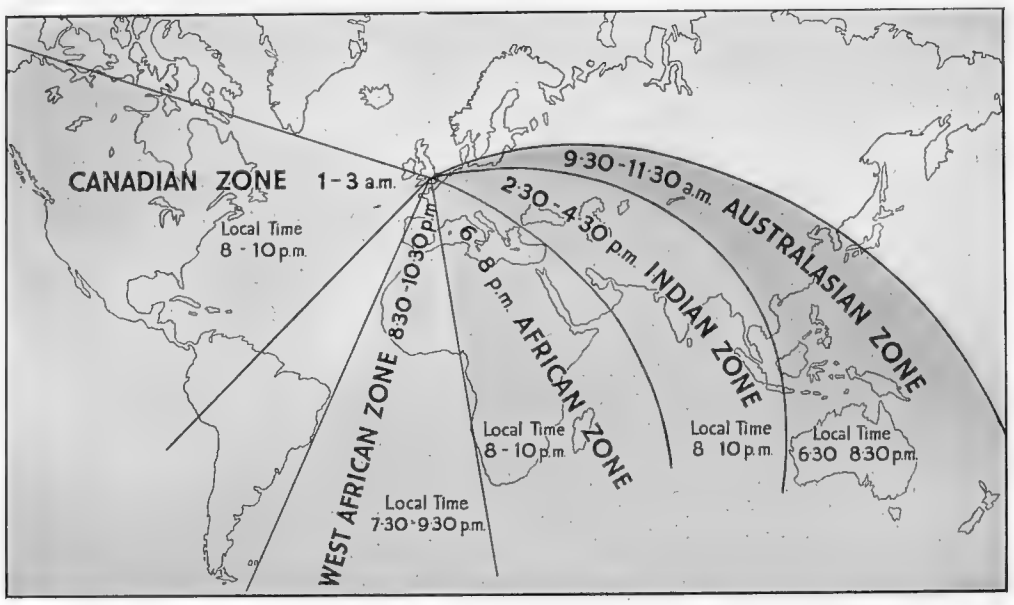
THE HOME OF A FAMOUS CONNOISSEUR

Captain W. Ogden's Original Flat

Captain William Ogden is well known as one of the greatest experts on precious stones, but there are other things well worth looking at in his private office besides jewels. For instance, he has a very fine collection of Toby jugs, 150 in all, and some of these stand on a magificent oak dresser in his office. Three pictures decorate the walls —one by Hoppner, another by Nathaniel Dance, and the third by Lawrence. Except for the desk at one end the room is more like a luxurious and tastefully decorated sitting-room than an office.

Captain Ogden, like many busy men, believes in living near his work, and it is only about a minute's walk from his office in King Street to his flat. That the owner is a connoisseur is apparent the moment you step inside. The main sitting-room was designed by the Marchese Malacrida and it is purely Italian in conception. The walls are a parchment-coloured plaster and the ceiling is most attractively decorated with reddish-brown medallions on a cream ground. Two beautiful rugs are laid on a grey-fitted carpet. On the chimney canopy hangs a plaque with Captain Ogden's motto, "*Omnia præclara rara*"—"everything worth having is rare," and this motto, unlike a great many, is lived up to by its owner. On all sides are beautiful pieces of furniture and rare ornaments tastefully displayed. The modern necessities of the room are most ingeniously concealed, though possibly some people would consider the ingenuity sacrilegious. For instance, a lovely black-and-gold lacquer cabinet of William and Mary date has been so arranged that it makes a most perfect cocktail cabinet though, when closed, no signs of this are apparent. Thus does Captain Ogden combine the beautiful with the essential.

The offices of Captain Ogden, but a moment's distance from his flat, are far from stilted and formal but, save for the desk, rather recall a luxurious sitting-room. Some of his priceless Toby jugs, of which he has made a collection, stand on a superb oak dresser



THE FIVE EMPIRE ZONES through which at five convenient times the Blattnerphone process reiterates one programme actually given by the artists only once

EMPIRE BROADCASTING

The Marvellous Five-Broadcasting Scheme which will Reach Every Portion of the British Empire—to be Inaugurated Next Monday

By R. W. HALLOWS

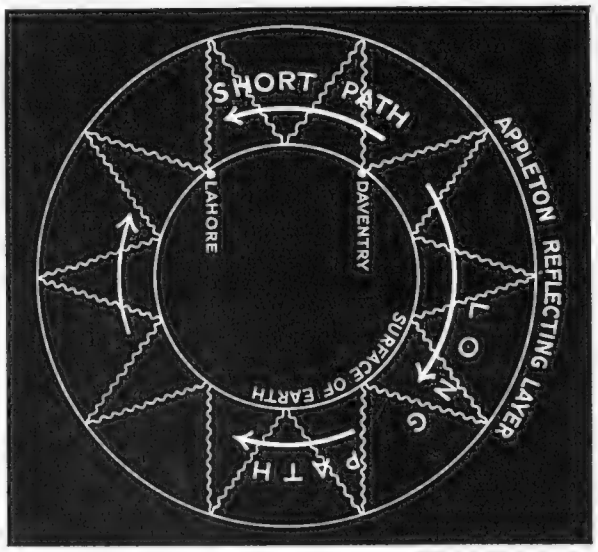
On December 19, the first of the regular transmissions will be made from the Empire broadcasting station at Daventry. This is the most wonderful wireless station in the world, for there is probably no portion of the earth's land surface in which its transmissions will not be receivable. It represents the fruits of many years of research in experimental work.

Some ten years ago I wrote that the day was not far distant when one man would be able to speak to the whole world. There were many who scoffed then, but to-day that prophecy, rash as it might have seemed, has been realized. Sitting before the microphone on Christmas Day the King will make his greetings to the Empire heard not only in the civilized countries of the world but in the remotest corner of the wilds.

One of the most remarkable achievements of those who have planned the station and the service that it will give is that in every part of the Empire the London programme, or any other that may be sent out, will be received as an *evening* programme. The difficulty of the task will be appreciated when it is remembered that the sun never sets upon the British Empire. At seven o'clock, when our evening programmes start at home, the time in New South Wales is five o'clock on the following morning. The Australian is still enjoying his sleep; a resident in India has in all probability gone to bed, for the time there is half-an-hour after midnight; in British Columbia it is eleven o'clock on the same morning, but in Quebec the citizens are sitting at luncheon. Clearly nobody can be expected to enjoy an evening programme in the small hours of the morning, nor would it be of any use to transmit it to any country at inconvenient times.

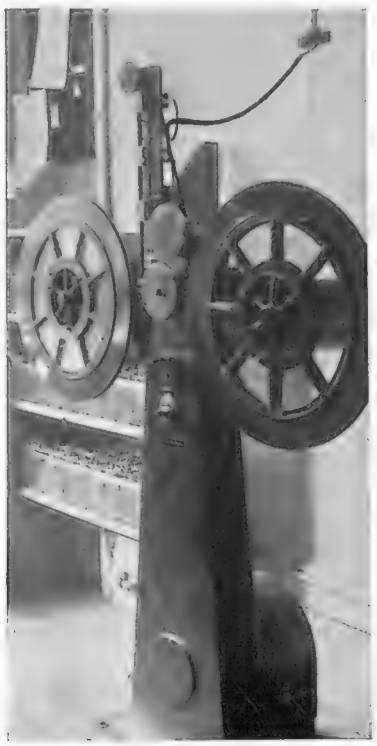
The problem has been solved in a most ingenious way. In each period of twenty-four hours the selected programme, including the Empire news bulletin, will be transmitted no less than five times. Then for broadcasting purposes the Empire has been divided into as many zones, each of which will be able to receive the two-hour programme at some time between 6 p.m. and midnight by local time. For the Australasian zone the Daventry transmission will take place between 9.30 and 11.30 a.m. by Greenwich Time. The Indian zone is covered by the second transmission between 2.30 and 4.30 p.m. The third transmission from 6 to 8 p.m. meets the requirements of the main African zone, whilst those of the West African zone are fulfilled by a fourth transmission from 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. A fifth transmission from 1 to 3 a.m. is for the Canadian zone.

But if, the reader may ask, the same programme is to be broadcast five times will not the expense be enormous, particularly if famous artists are engaged? In any case, what artist could stand the strain of making five appearances before the microphone in the course of a single day and night? And how are they going to deal with events such as the Opening of Parliament by the King, or the running commentaries upon the Boat Race, the Grand National, and the Derby?



INDIA'S DOUBLE RECEPTION: The programme broadcast from Daventry will fly round the earth by two routes—the longer and the shorter—with the result of a slight blur in Indian reception

Broadcasters will appear only once before the microphone; it will not be necessary to row the Boat Race five times or to stage repeat performances of the Derby! Entire programmes nowadays can be placed, so to speak, in cold storage for future use and transmitted as many times as may be found necessary. This is accomplished by means of an amazing machine known as the Blattnerphone which records whole programmes, not upon wax discs, but upon thin steel tape.

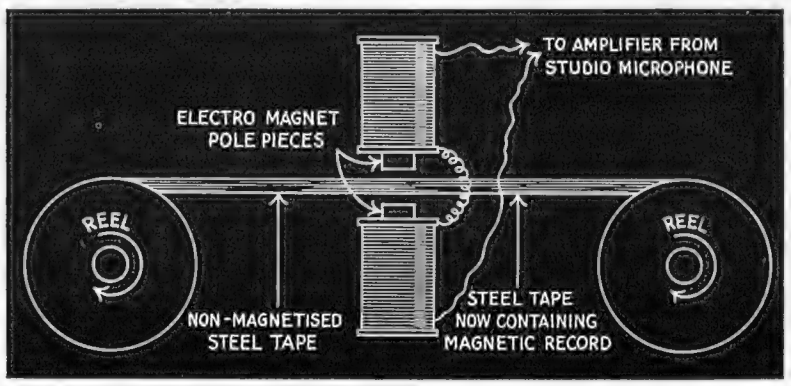


THE BLATTNERPHONE which renders possible the mechanical marvel of reiterating one programme five times

Most readers probably know that if a piece of hard steel is brought into a strong magnetic field it is transformed into a permanent magnet. The degree of magnetization depends upon the strength of the field. In the telephone receiver, and some old types of loud-speaker operating upon the same principle, sound waves are produced by vibrations of an iron diaphragm lying close to the pole pieces of an electro-magnet. Currents from the receiving set pass through the windings of the magnet. Their variations in intensity correspond exactly to the electric waves in the microphone circuit and these are themselves copies of the sound waves produced by a singer, a speaker, an instrumentalist, or an orchestra.

A similar electro-magnet is used in the Blattnerphone. Between the pole pieces a thin steel tape is drawn at a speed of about two miles an hour. It is wound from one drum on to another and in its progress it receives different degrees of magnetization along its whole length. It can thus contain a complete magnetic record of an entire programme.

The record so made can be stored away for years if desired or it may be used immediately. For reproduction purposes the magnetized tape is run between another pair of pole pieces connected to an amplifier. The effect is very much the same as that of using the familiar pick-up. Impulses set up by the passage of the tape are passed via the amplifier to the transmitting plant, and the "tinned" programme sent out with such perfection that not one listener in a thousand could possibly realize that he is not hearing the original transmission. Without knowing it the reader has probably heard a good many Blattner 'phoned programmes, for this process is used in our own country when it is desired to repeat an entire programme.



A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE BLATTNERPHONE PROCESS showing the magnetized steel tape, passing from one reel to another, in which is stored up a series of magnetic variations which can be retranslated into music and voice

It might be expected that any station designed to give something like a "guaranteed" broadcasting service to the entire British Empire would need to have an enormous output power. To provide a reliable service both in the daytime and after dark in this country, the B.B.C. developed the Regional Scheme which is based upon all-the-year-round and all-the-day-round reception at a range of 100 miles. For this, ten great transmitters, each with a power rating of 50 kilowatts, or 67 horse-power, are needed. The power then needed for a station of world-wide range might appear at first sight to be something formidable. Actually there are two transmitters at the Daventry Empire station, each of them having the comparatively modest rating of 20 kilowatts or just under 27 h.p. Though it will send its messages to the ends of the earth, the power developed by each transmitter will be no greater than that of a single medium-sized motor car.

The achievement of world-wide range with comparatively small power is made possible by the use of the wonderful short waves. The term "short waves," by the way, should properly be applied to all wave-lengths below 100 metres. Between 100 and 1,000 metres come the medium waves, whilst the long waves are those of over 1,000 metres. No little confusion has been caused by the rather stupid action of some set manufacturers who mark the wave-change switches of ordinary broadcast receivers "long-waves" and "short-waves." These sets will, of course, work only on the long and *medium* waves, but the man-in-the-street is apt to be perplexed by his inability to receive genuine short-wave transmissions when he turns the switch to the short-wave position!

In their behaviour the short waves are almost the antithesis of the medium and long. The best service, for instance, is obtained within fifty miles of a medium-wave broadcasting station; the worst service is obtained within this distance of a short-wave station, for surrounding the station is what is known as a skip area, an area that is in which reception is either altogether impossible or of the feeblest kind. The extent of the skip area varies more or less in accordance with the length of the waves, but it is most probable that a rather curious state of affairs will arise in this country when the Empire station comes into operation; though well heard in places thousands of miles away its transmissions may skip most parts of this country altogether.

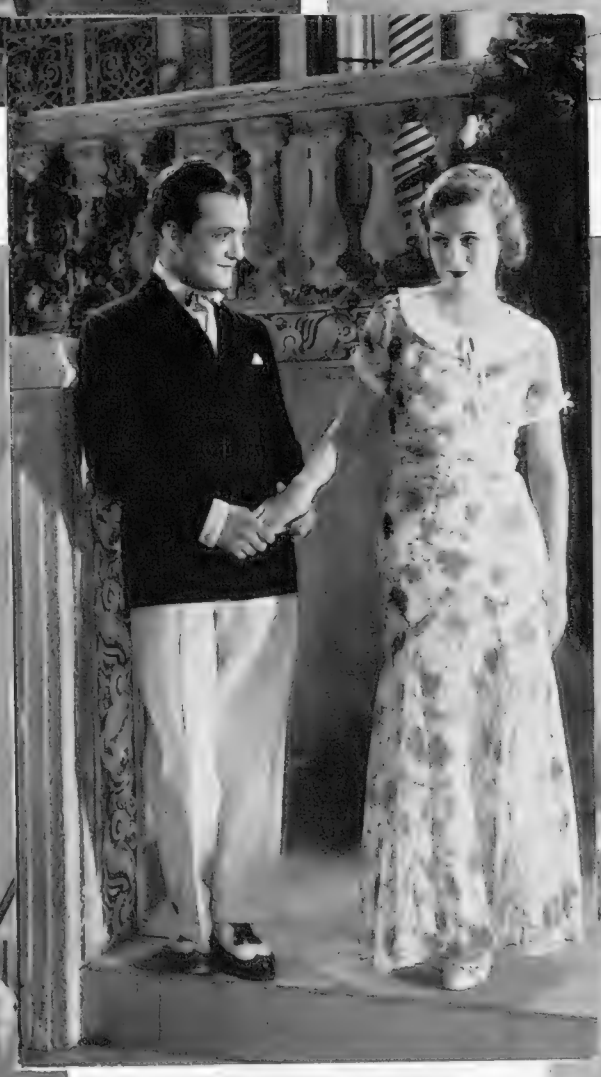
The short waves have far greater powers of spanning distance than any others. This characteristic of theirs is sometimes rather a nuisance. It may possibly be found in India, for example, that a little

(Continued on p. 496)

FILMS of the DAY

ENGLISH AND FRENCH: Mme Petypon in *The Girl from Maxim's* is played by Lady Tree, who is seen above on right of the actress playing the same part in the French version. It is a London Film production

AFTER THE BALL: Mr. Basil Rathbone and Miss Esther Ralston in the new Gaumont British production. Mr. Rathbone has recently made a welcome return to the British stage in *To-night or Never*, which has just closed



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE: Mr. Bobby Howes and Miss Constance Shotter in the screen version of the musical farce which created such a furore a year or two ago and provided Mr. Howes with the type of vehicle which has, both in this play and in the still current *Tell Her the Truth*, proved such a success at the Saville Theatre. The film opens to-day at the Regal

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE: Mr. Ralph Graves in the film of modern warfare in China presented by United Artists at the Dominion Theatre. In this picture, the famous Jack Holt-Lila Lee-Ralph Graves combination is restored to the screen

TIGER SHARK: Mr. Edward G. Robinson, of *Five Star Final* fame, who gives a superb performance as a Portuguese shipowner in this epic of the Pacific. The shark-fishing scenes are the last word in thrill and realism, while giant tuna fish are seen being caught by the hundred

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS: Three of the illustrations to the José Collins autobiography published by Hutchinson and reviewed on this page. The pictures show "Early Music Hall Days," "Sweet Seventeen," and "As Dolores in *A Southern Maid*"

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

When Major-General The Rt. Honourable J. E. B. Seely, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., as the name runs on the title-page of *For Ever England* (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) published his book *Fear and Be Slain* I read it with a mixture of admiration and irritation. The General has a good eye for a story, he has had a full and adventurous life. From plain Mr. Seely, the son of a millionaire colliery proprietor, he has risen, adding to his name distinctions fore and aft, and he has deserved well of his country. But a story so vividly told is marred by the jarring voice of the Jingo who keeps popping up, and by an irrepressible vanity. The General will not allow his reader to overlook the fact that he is on breakfasting terms with the great of the earth. *For Ever England* sometimes becomes *For Ever Seely*.

"It was Mussolini who first set me thinking of writing this book when I saw him in Rome a year and a half ago. He said to me . . . ," "Marshal Foch said to me not long before his death . . ." "A friend of mine, Sir Thomas Royden, for many years the Chairman of the Cunard Line, told me . . ." "I am reminded when I survey this scene of what George Wyndham, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, said, when he told me . . ." "I have a friend, a very wise friend, the Master of Trinity, Sir J. J. Thomson, O.M., known throughout the world as 'J. J.' Not long ago I stayed with him at Trinity Lodge, and the rare moment came when he allowed me, alone with him, to talk about England, her people, her resources, her destiny. . . . It was a glorious hour. . . . 'J. J.' has since told me that I did most of the talking."

That is the trouble with this book. The General never gets out of inverted commas. He has some excellent things to say, and good sense to convey. He is sincere to the point of being a bore, and he positively aches with patriotism. "I commend to the boys of England the task of clearing away the slums." Personally I would commend it to their grandfathers, who made them. In the Spring of 1917, on the Somme battlefields, the General heard a nightingale sing amid the butchery of the guns. "So may it be with all of us. Let us resolve as we go through life that no perils shall dismay us and that love shall overcome fear." This lesson was learned while "we pursued and had gay little battles all on our own, like battles of olden times." The gaiety of war is a theme our historians seem to have overlooked.

I find myself so often in hearty accord with what the General has to say that I regret he should spoil so good a book with his unquenchable egotism. Like all egotists he will die for a capital letter. The abject bathos of his tribute to the Throne, on the last page of this book, is an instance. But when he writes about the land, the social services, the miner, he writes of things of which he has wide experience and wise things to say. His portrait of the miner, particularly of the Nottinghamshire miner, which I can personally corroborate, should erase from the public mind the conception of an illiterate boor. The miner is the descendant of a long line of skilled craftsmen.

The General points out that A. J. Cook, honest but mad, was a terrible calamity for his country and we are to-day suffering heavily from the folly of the Coal Strike. In a defence of "These Rotten Politicians" General Seely rightly maintains that they are honest and indefatigable. What he will not admit is that they have dismally failed in their good-natured weakness, and have thus earned contempt. Mussolini has raised a broken and disrupted nation into the first rank. We have nothing but the story of fourteen years' dissipation of our wealth, power, and reputation. Politicians are judged on results. The public does not care greatly about their honesty.

General Seely rightly lays emphasis on the tragedy of our agricultural policy. He finds in the love of the land the basis of all our English virtues. As Chairman of the National Savings Committee he knows of a quiet prosperity among the working classes, of which we hear too little. "We have scaled down everything except the well-being of the very poor. . . . What are termed the well-to-do classes are not only poorer, but much poorer. The people as a whole are better off." He points to the extraordinary growth of the people's savings, of their widespread ownership of house property. "Adding all thrift agencies together I find the total investments of the small investor in this country to-day amount to over £2,000,000,000, and the investments continue to increase."

The General makes an original and surprising suggestion with reference to the League of Nations. He urges that the universal language should be not Esperanto, French, or English but Italian, "the language most easy to spell, the most easy to speak, the most easy to understand. . . . There is nothing new about it, for it was tried, and to some extent succeeded, on a limited scale hundreds of years ago."

The story of José Collins in *The Maid of the Mountains* (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), amounts to the story of the triumph of personality. In all these tales of her adventures in theatreland, and they follow the stereotyped manner of theatrical reminiscences, there is a something extra which explains her rise to fame, fortune, and Debrett. The daughter of Lottie Collins, the profession was in her blood, which has the additional advantage of being Jewish. A leading lady at fourteen, she has led ever since. "At the age of twelve I had three great ambitions. The first was to possess a string of pearls; the second to become leading lady at Daly's Theatre; and the third to marry into the peerage. By accident and hard work, all three were achieved before I was thirty." I should delete the word accident. In these days of democracy it is easier to enter Debrett by passing through the public eye, via the stage door, than for a plain rich girl to enter the House of Lords. This book has a delightful frankness. Miss Collins confesses to gross extravagance—"to one of my temperament there were plenty of ways of spending money I earned and no lack of people to help me to do so."

The author, Mr. H. R. Knickerbocker, of *Can Europe Recover?* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is a kind of American economic panel doctor. He looks at the sick country, bangs a stethescope on its chest, taps it, says "You're all right, you can pay," and hustles it out of the surgery. He believes none of the countries of Europe is quite as sick as it makes out. The day of prosperity is dawning. His case sounds very plausible for he has a deft way with facts. But I am very doubtful of his facts and particularly his figures. He juggles very cleverly, but I don't think half of his statements will bear justification. You cannot take the pulse of Europe during a swift aeroplane trip, with one-night "stop-overs" to talk with a selected statesman. Nevertheless I have enjoyed and been stimulated with every page of this book and strongly recommend it.

I presume that when Mr. Knickerbocker says "the London Strand at night is thick with sleeping figures" he means the Embankment. He pays a glowing tribute to Italy as the only successfully governed country in Europe. A wise American, he has no faith in democracy and has seen how it votes itself to death. He states that Italy's subsidy of two giant liners to capture the transatlantic trade is a bold gamble to bring American tourists direct to Italy. Hitherto they have passed to Italy through France where they have spent most of their money. The plan is to reverse that process of denudation of the rich American. Italy believes that America will recover and spend—and she is gambling heavily on the chance. The best comeback of all, thinks Mr. Knickerbocker, is assured to Germany. She has got rid of reparations, her debt *per capita* is very low, and she has the best equipped workshops and the most skilled and industrious workmen in Europe.

This is a slapdash book, but it has a point of view and considerable energy in sustaining it. The French case is extremely well put. The author points out that her overhead expenses are enormous, and she is now faced with an ever-widening deficit. The Government cuts its whole debt by four-fifths by inflation but it is still faced with a public debt which is more than half that of the United States. "At least one in every three French citizens collects a pension of one kind or another. The outflow of French money from 1922 to 1927 helped Britain to put sterling on gold. The inflow of French money from 1927 to 1931 helped to push sterling off gold. The prospective outflow of French money from 1932 on may help to put sterling back on gold. The vaults of the Bank of France are the strongest in the world. But economic laws are stronger."

It is the modern fashion for us to write our autobiographies not later than the age of twenty or thirty. As an antidote to this kind of precocity Mrs. I. G. Homewood has written her story, *Recollections of an Octogenarian* (Murray. 10s. 6d.), at the age of eighty-eight. Judging by the verve of this book, she will look back on her first literary effort, when she writes the reminiscences of a centenarian, as a precocious beginning. At the age of sixty-six she set out to cycle round the world. Even then she could look back on an active life in all corners of the civilized and uncivilized globe. Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Armenia, Egypt, she walked, drove, or cycled across continents, undismayed by small boys who threw stones at the strange apparition of a woman on a bicycle.

"Having explored most of Southern and Western Europe I decided, in the autumn of 1904, to see something of Eastern Europe, and to make for the Polands, partly to find out for myself if any feeling of nationality still remained after years of misrule by Germany, Russia, and Austria." Mrs. Homewood was then sixty when she embarked with her bicycle from Parkeston Quay. The going was never easy. In Russian Poland a "dog seized and tore my skirt. The road being too rough for me to escape by flight from the dogs I had continually to dismount and defend myself with stones and sticks."

At the age of sixty-six, still feeling restless, Mrs. Homewood, contradictory by name and nature, would not settle down, and started off on a trip across America. She cycled from Vermont to Rochester and Albany, and then on to Chicago, after a run into Canada. Salt Lake City was taken *en route* to San Francisco, "I then went to Honolulu and made a short stay there. I am glad to say the mosquitoes were scarce. From there I went on to Fiji and stayed at Suva, where, of course, I had to drink kava. It tasted like soapy water." Then off to Auckland, and a cycle tour through New Zealand!

Marvellous old lady. The Great War stopped the cycling. She took to canteen and needlework; but as soon as the War was over she cycled to Berlin, and "shortly after my return to England started off again for the Rhine, returning through Alsace and Lorraine." This at the age of seventy-six! "I remained faithful to my bicycle till my eightieth year. Since then I have visited Jamaica and Tangier. Recently I joined conducted tours to Spain and Portugal. I still cherish the hope of revisiting New Zealand, perhaps by aeroplane; and, speaking of aeroplanes, I feel sure that if flying had been possible in my young days, I should have taken to it, that is if I could have afforded to do so; but, perhaps, it would not have given me so much enjoyment as I derived from trundling my bicycle into so many corners of the world."

In case this excellent book passes into a second edition may I say that, unless fashions have changed in the last eighty years, one does not speak of Oxfordians, and that Christ Church College make an Oxonian go red with embarrassment.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas has contributed to the Modern Writers Series an excellent study, *John Masefield* (Thornton Butterworth. 3s. 6d.). It is wholly sympathetic and, while critical, does not rebuke the poet for his many faults. It skirts very nervously over the question as to whether the Poet Laureate so closely identified with a seafaring life in his poetry, was ever actually an ordinary seaman. He certainly began as a *Conway* cadet. But all lovers of Masefield will be glad to possess this book. It examines the beauty of much of Masefield's poetry, follows his development, and reveals his particular claim to be regarded as the poet of England and the English, despite the fact that he could never at any moment be accused of being a jingo. He has contrived to write the finest saga of foxhunting without defending it as a pastime.

"The hunt is neither attacked nor defended," says Mr. Thomas, "it is accepted as one of our most characteristically English institutions." Mr. Thomas is a man of superb critical balance, and he is well revealed in this study. He points out with force that the Masefield, who broke like a bomb-shell on the world with *The Everlasting Mercy* is already antediluvian to the cliques of the moment. "Nothing is more impressive to half-fledged intellects than to spread anarchy and call it progress. We need not flatter the self-styled modernists by taking them seriously. No genuine advance was ever made, or ever will be made, by digging up traditions by the roots."

The Mid-Season Collections

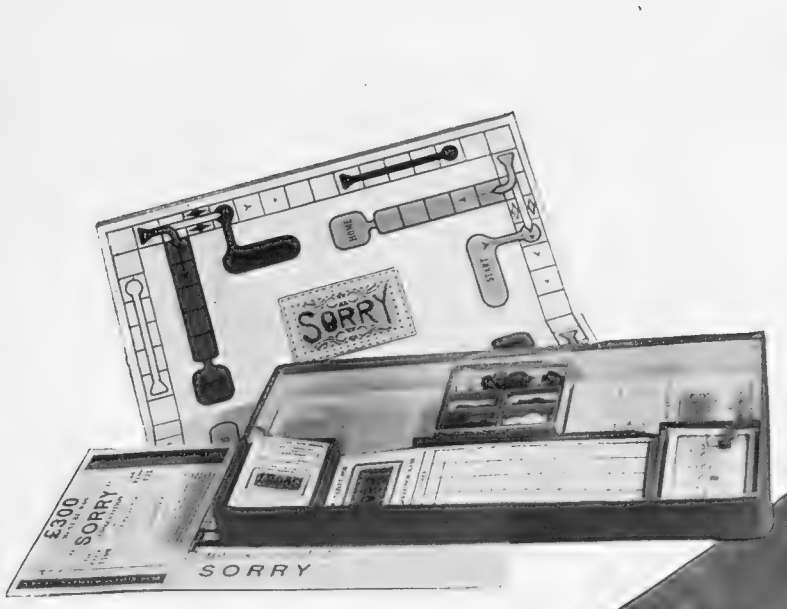
Mainbocher shows an evening gown of black and white printed crêpe de chine, worn with black suède gloves. Characteristic of the Schiaparelli collection are the evening dress of silk jersey in gold and green (extreme left) and a supple jerserelli perlé gown with elbow-length cape of coral pink velvet ribbon

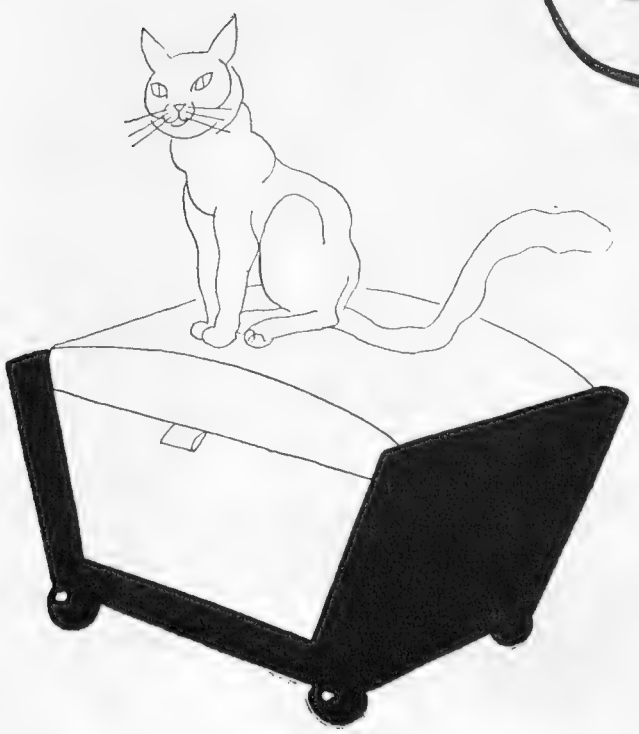
original Christmas gifts

Lawleys of Regent Street are the largest china and glass specialists in the world, owning more than thirty branches. They have absorbed many old-established glass and china businesses including Phillips of Bond Street (established 1760) and Mortlocks of North Audley Street. Lawleys have thus combined fine old traditions with their own up-to-date organization

hand-painted pottery

Lawleys' prices are moderate and are standard at all branches irrespective of locality. All the latest novelties suitable for Christmas gifts are now being shown. At their Regent Street store there is a new showroom devoted to their original hand-painted pottery, sponsored by Edna Best, the well-known film star and actress, samples of which are shown on this page.





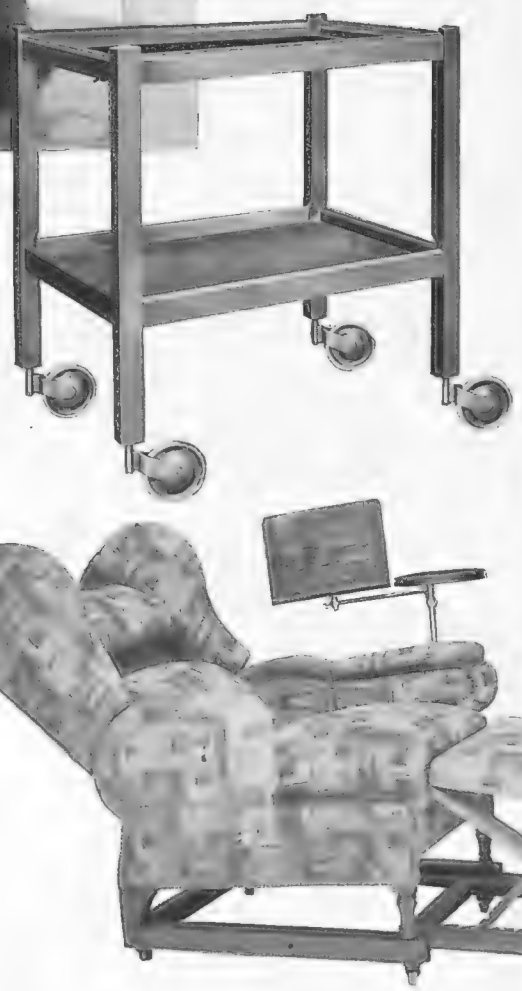
last minute suggestions

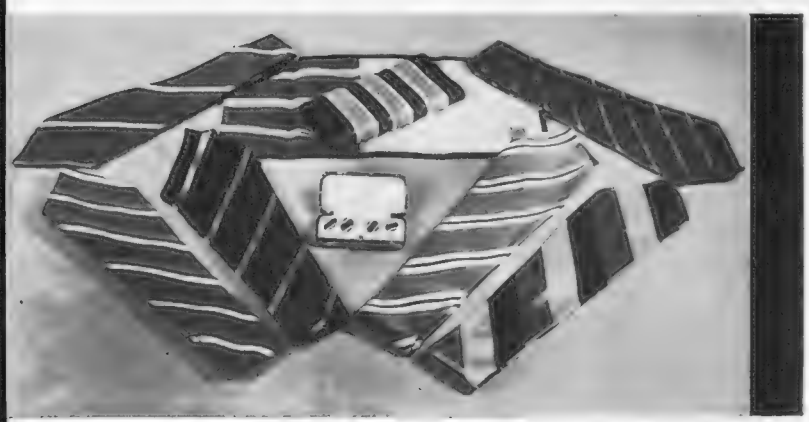
A welcome gift is the attaché case containing two bottles of "White Label" Whisky distilled by Messrs. John Dewar and Sons Limited. Sorry, the interesting and skilful indoor game, is a wise choice for old and young. Exquisite glass comes from the Venetian Glass Galleries, Knightsbridge. The "Collarite" shirt, manufactured by Messrs. Harding, Tilton and Hartley Ltd. solves the problem of the back-stud. The guardian of your door in a natural furry material, the Masque de Bal wall decoration in glazed pottery, or hand-bag in flat English calf are a few gifts chosen from a wide selection at Whiteley's. Cadbury's chocolates, in special Xmas caskets, need no endorsement. Hampton's suggest a box pouffe in repp and linen plush. (Photographs, Maurice Beck.)

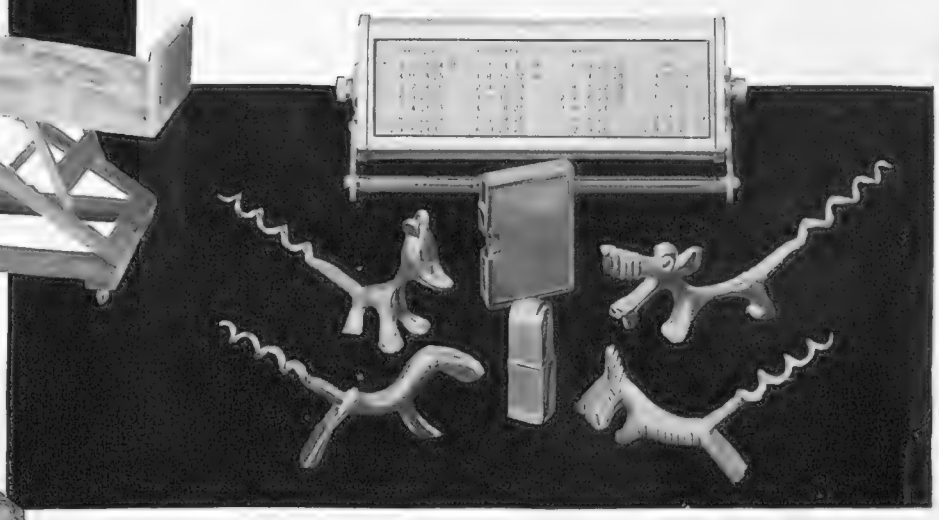
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

GIFTS with practical inclination range from an economical Cozy stove to be seen at 42, Berners Street, to original corkscrews and calendar from Harvey Nichols.

"Easiwork," Tottenham Court Road, sponsor the shock-absorbing tray wagon featured here. The "Burlington" instantly convertible chair comes from J. Foot and Son, Ltd., Great Portland Street. "Camels Brand" China tea in its special 5-lb. chest is an attractive present for the entire household. Apollinaris needs no introduction since it is an established favourite, recognized for its therapeutic and dietetic qualities. Smart stripe ties are suggested by T. M. Lewin of Panton Street. The James Cycle Company, Holborn Viaduct, offer cycles of their recognized high standard. From the Newport Pottery Company come these charming examples of "Bizarre" ware by Clarice Cliff. (Pictures by Maurice Beck.)







For Christmas, give him or *her*

Fresh CRAVEN "A"

Sending good Cigarettes as XMAS GIFTS is safe, sensible and inexpensive. Nearly everybody smokes Cigarettes. Send CRAVEN "A"; there are convenient sizes from 50 (2/6) to 150 (7/6).
You can be sure your Gifts of CRAVEN "A" will give *real* pleasure, for every Tin or Box opens-up in FACTORY-FRESH condition. Alone amongst Cigarettes, Craven "A" are protected by *moisture-proof* "CELLOPHANE", the patented exclusive wrapping which *seals-in* FRESHNESS, FLAVOUR, SMOOTHNESS and COOLNESS. *There's a World of difference between a FRESH Craven "A" and any Cigarette which has gone SHOPSTALE.*

THUJA DESIGN CASKET

—giving joy and usefulness *long after* the Cigarettes are smoked. Fitted with ball-bearing Castors which can't mark polished tables; containing 100 FRESH CRAVEN "A." *Complete in decorative cardboard 'outer'* **7/6**

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DANGER SPOTS in LONDON

CARLTON GARDENS AND CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE IN DANGER: A drawing prepared to show the way in which the paint manufacturers' building would smash into the existing skyline of Carlton House Terrace as seen from the Mall. The proposed building with its blind arch is shown white on the left

A few weeks ago we referred to the danger to Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Gardens, which form part of the splendid block of buildings facing the Mall, an architectural unit of the greatest value to London, both from the point of view of fine building and of history. Since then the matter has developed in a very extraordinary manner. Parliament has taken the matter up; letters and articles have appeared in *The Times* and in the technical press. *The Architects' Journal* writes:

"That the Crown Commissioners should propose in cold blood that office buildings should encroach upon this, the finest terrace in Europe, is, in our opinion, monstrous."

And in a more recent issue of the same journal the matter is probed to some of its foundations by Miss M. I. Batten; it has just been discovered that the tenants can exercise their right to examine the books relating to the property.

The Crown Commissioners are the landlords of the property, and the tenants are vigorously complaining that they took on long leases and expended much money on their properties, in the full belief that the property was a non-commercial one. In the face of this the Crown Commissioners have allowed No. 4, Carlton Gardens to be pulled down and have sanctioned the erection of a block of offices of a paint manufacturing firm to be erected on the site. The architect who undertook this work and is responsible for the towering height of the proposed upper works of the paint manufacturer's building is Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A. A letter from him was published in *The Times* of Tuesday last in which he states that he was instructed by the paint firm directors to prepare designs for No. 4, Carlton Gardens. He has also prepared a design for the whole terrace of the existence of which the House did not appear to be aware a few days ago. He does not state that a great number of the houses have fifty-year leases to run and that the next door neighbour to No. 4, Carlton Gardens last year acquired a "strictly residential" lease for sixteen years and spent much money on doing up the property.

In order to ascertain the opinions of the actual tenants of the houses the editor of *The Architects' Journal* has circularized them with the following questions:—

(1) Do you agree with the Commissioners of Crown Lands that Carlton Gardens and Carlton House Terrace are out of repair, inconvenient, and cannot be adapted for present needs?

(2) Do you object to the destruction of the present character of the neighbourhood by the invasion of commercial buildings?

(3) Do you consider that the erection on the site of No. 4 is calculated to improve the amenities of the neighbourhood?

To the first they have all replied emphatically, no; to the second, yes; and to the third equally emphatically, no.

Opinion is hardening that those responsible for the destruction of No. 4, Carlton Gardens should re-erect the building externally as they found it, and at their own cost.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING TO ST. PAUL'S: This is all one can see of Wren's Cathedral from Blackfriars Bridge now that the draught-board face of the new Telephone Building raises its confident face towards the river

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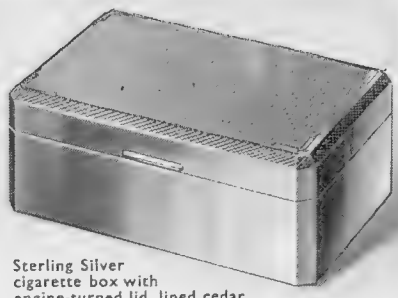

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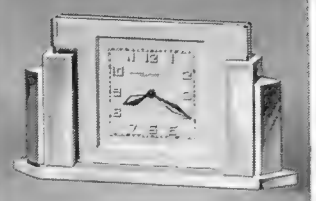

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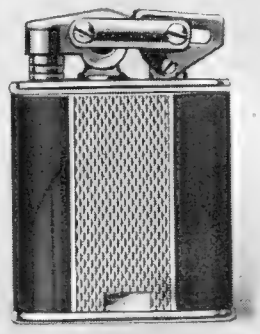

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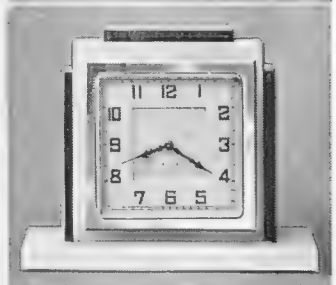
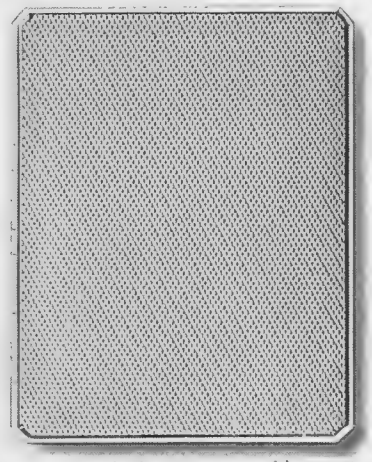


8-day clock in white onyx and malachite, chromium-plated surround to dial
Height 4 inches £7.0.0



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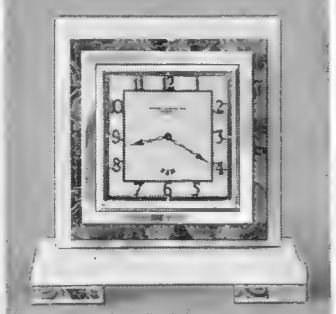

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CHRISTMAS PUBLISHERS AND PUBLICATIONS

If there be any association interested in Drama without Tears, and pre-eminently Drama for the Young, escaping at once the Scylla of the Quasi-High Brow on the one hand and the Charybdis of the Merely Sweet on the other, let that association most mightily rejoice; for there are now plays which no company of amateurs, children, or both can ruin. These, written by Marguerite Steen, have been published at 18s. by Ivor Nicholson, under the title of *Oakfield Plays*.

These short plays have the distinction of being real plays for real children and real actors, and they have been produced at Oakfield School, Westmorland; and, surveying the very attractive illustrations, which display the correct costumes, by the author, and reading the text which blends with so sure a touch imagination, humour, and that strange beauty which by the skilful use of a familiar or a poetic thing, brings tears to the eyes, one hard bitten and cynical critic wished he could turn producer for an hour. Genius is not too strong a word to apply to the tact which informs these dramatised legends in which anachronism has been raised to a fine art.

CLARK GABLE—one of the illustrations to Dean's *Film Lovers' Annual*

The plays run from *The Princess and the Pea* of immemorial legend through *The Pied Piper, The Willow Tree, A Harlequinade* and *The Prince who was a Swineherd* to *The Mother*, a modern-cum-ancient Miracle, the mysticism of which is deftly and convincingly put into the mouths of three motherless lads with one eye on the present (and the presents) and the other on at once the past and the future symbolized by the Star of Christmas.

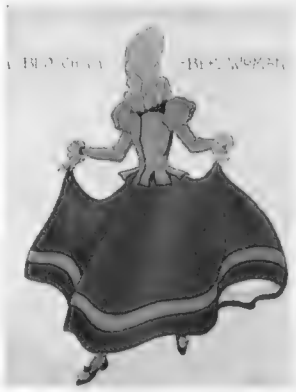
The plays, in addition to a definite literary quality, have the merit of being producible without the stage and the equipment of a first-class theatre; they are specially designed for the limited resources of the dais in the school hall or the bay window-stage of the billiard room.

As far removed in spirit from the *Oakfield Plays* as Bostock from *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* as a trainer of animals, is a five shilling volume published by Denis Archer under the provocative title *You're Far Too Young!* by a writer who conceals his far from poetic flair under the inapposite pseudonym of "Spondee." This is a self-consciously sophisticated and modern skit on the mystery and "baffle" books, the deduction competitions, and the Sherlock parties, and gives to the author the opportunity he craves to dig more or less maliciously at Suburbia and the virtue usually ascribed to it by the literary—chastity. The book is kept within discreet limits in what it says, but, like the scandal-monger at the vicarage tea party, it hints at what it might reveal did only good form—or the publisher—permit. The theory of the book is the telling of a series of fables or stories, each of which is followed by a test paper upon it, together with its answers, for which a varied number of marks is awarded in Baffle Book style. As was intended, the papers and their answers are the entire *raison d'être* of a volume which should satisfy the very young with its atmosphere of naughtiness and the tradition bound with its discretion. To the discerning, the shrewd pin-pricks at our cherished illusions will be a delight while its witty flavour and malice should ensure its success.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM AT BUMPUS'S: The attractive library on the second floor where children's books are displayed

Also from Denis Archer, but at 6s. net, comes *Through the Hollow Oak*, by Frank Egan. It is a moot point, suitable for discussion among the school men who gravely debated how many angels could function on the point of a needle, whether Mr. Egan's verse or his prose is the more delicately attractive. The characters in this work are in lineal descent from Haigha and Hatta, Bill the Lizard, Puss in Boots, Wol, and Eeyore, and the other immortal anthropomorphic animals.

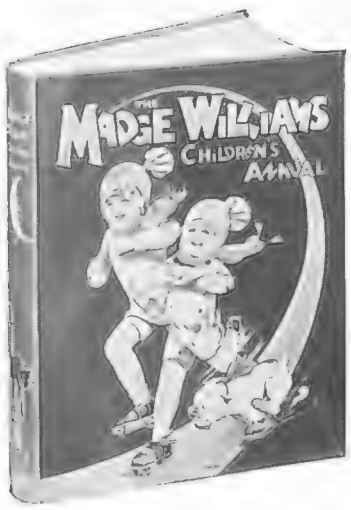
The famous firm of Dean, whose rag books have solved the perennial problem of with what—harmless, polychromatic, and endurable—one may yet please the very young, are among the great producers of "hardy annuals." Notable among these is the *Film Lovers' Annual* (2s. 6d.), the 160 pages of which are composed of a mass of illustrations of the great figures of the screen and interesting details concerning them. The volume is admirably produced in the popular and effective medium of photogravure. From the same house comes, at the same price, a series of Monster Books—for boys, girls, children, and tinies; a series of Champion Books at 2s. each; a series of Ideal Books at 1s. 6d., and a series of Best Books at 1s. each. Other annuals at 2s. 6d. are the *Mickey Mouse*, the *Bobby Bears*, and the *Madge Williams*.



WOMAN OF THE BED-CHAMBER—one of the illustrations to *Oakfield Plays*

Whenever books are mentioned, one firm pre-eminently jumps to the mind—the house of Bumpus. From fine editions round the £5 5s. mark and luxury productions in many volumes running to £30 or £40 to novels at 7s. 6d. and classics at half-a-crown, Bumpus presents a variety of volumes unsurpassed. Dating from the late eighteenth century, it has, almost since its foundation (in Clerkenwell), preserved its pre-eminence throughout its various removes via Holborn Bars to Oxford Street. Nowadays it includes the Old Watch House and the Old Court House of Marylebone. The ground floor is devoted to new books, the first floor to second-hand aid, the second floor to children's books, and a Literary Service Bureau.

G. H. W. R.



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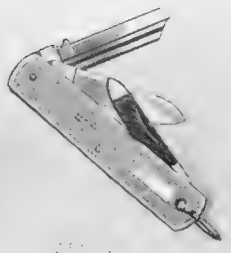

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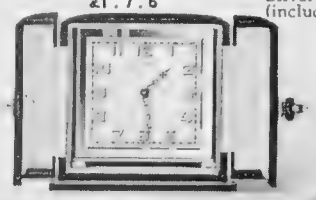

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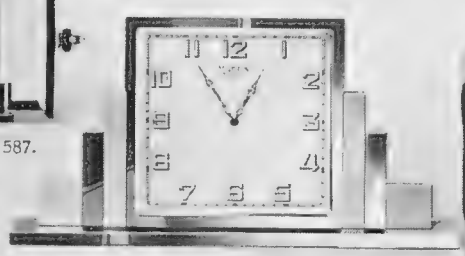

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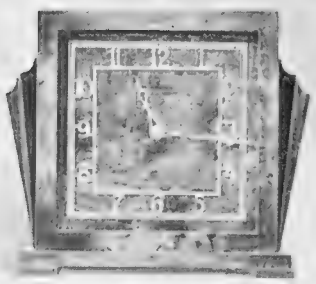

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

RADIO ON THE ROAD.—Wireless has now become such an integral part of our lives that it has ceased to be looked upon as a novelty. There is scarcely a household in the country that has not a radio set of some kind or other, and any one of us has only to experience a breakdown in our wireless receiver to appreciate what broadcasting really means to us. In many parts of the country the news of the day is obtained solely through wireless, and it would be a foolish person who would venture to say that all the possibilities of broadcasting have been investigated. In America, wireless sets are frequently fitted to motor cars, and a move has now been made in this country to do likewise. Only the other day I was given a demonstration of a Philco set built into a car, and the job was done so neatly that nothing could be seen of the apparatus except a small illuminated dial clipped to the steering column and on which were two control knobs. Many years ago I drove a Daimler car fitted with a Marconi receiver which gave surprisingly good results considering what wireless reception was at that time. Actually, a Daimler car was shown at Olympia equipped with a Marconi receiver some five or six years ago, but the expense involved and the imperfections which were inherent in sets at that time killed the idea in a very short time.

VOLUME CONTROLLED AUTOMATICALLY. — To-day wireless engineers have been able to overcome those early difficulties, with the result that the modern motor-car wireless set as made and installed by Philco is surprisingly good. The chief trouble in the old days was the alteration in volume as the car went round a corner or under a bridge or near any building where masses of steelwork existed. To-day, with the Philco set, the volume is controlled automatically so that it remains practically constant no matter in what direction the car is travelling. Having had experience of the fading of the old sets when an iron structure was approached, I asked the demonstrator the other day to drive me into an aeroplane hangar composed of nothing else but steel framework and corrugated iron. Having driven the car inside, the doors of the hangar were shut and to my amazement reception was perfectly good, though the volume was slightly diminished. In the ordinary way a car set would never be put to such a severe test, but my trial convinced me that this car equipment was definitely a practical proposition.

Some people may say, "When I want to listen to wireless, I will do so at home," and it is difficult to argue against such an assertion, but on the other hand there are quite a number of people who have to undertake long journeys day after day, and wireless to them on the road can be entertaining and also useful. I have heard it said that a driver cannot concentrate on the control of his car if he has a concert being performed inside his saloon. Whether I am differently constituted from the average individual I do not know, but I frequently take my portable wireless set in the car and find that it has no effect whatever on my driving. This so-called drawback cannot therefore be looked upon as general, and I should say that a driver would only have to travel quite a short distance to discover for himself whether wireless reception interfered with the proper and safe control of his car.

LOOKING AHEAD.—It is always dangerous to prophesy, but I can see the day, which is not very far distant, when every motor car will have a wireless set as part of its standard equipment, not only to provide entertainment but to give useful information to the driver which he could not obtain otherwise. To-day every hour during daylight weather reports gathered from various parts of the country are broadcast by the Automobile Association from a transmitter at Heston Aerodrome. These reports are of the greatest assistance to pilots and are always obtained before a flight of any length is undertaken. Although motoring is not so dependent on the weather as flying, still it would be of the utmost advantage to know if the road ahead was obliterated by a fog or was covered by flood water. Here is certainly a use of real importance for motoring wireless, and knowing the keenness to be of service, the enterprise and the efficiency of our road organizations, I am perfectly certain that when a sufficient number of motor cars are fitted with receivers we shall have the hourly weather reports for our guidance.

The motor owner who is inclined to say to himself, what is the use of having a set built into my car when I can take my portable set with me, should immediately arrange to have a demonstration of the Philco equipment as there is no comparison between the two. With the portable the wireless controls have to be continuously altered and frequently, in spite of such alteration, nothing comes through, whereas with the other set there are only two control knobs, and once the station required has been found no further alteration or adjustment is needed.

NEW ROAD LIGHTS: Sir Malcolm Campbell on the Croydon by-pass road, Purley Way, after testing the particular stretch lighted by Philips Sodium Lamps. Sir Malcolm was particularly struck with the improvement which enabled him to drive at over 60 m.p.h. without headlamps

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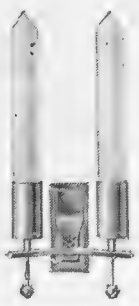

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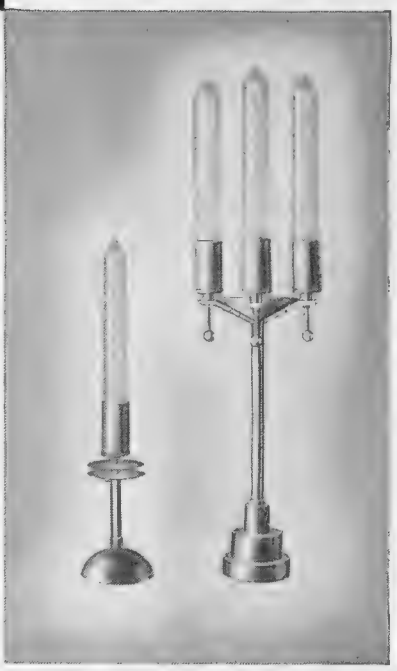

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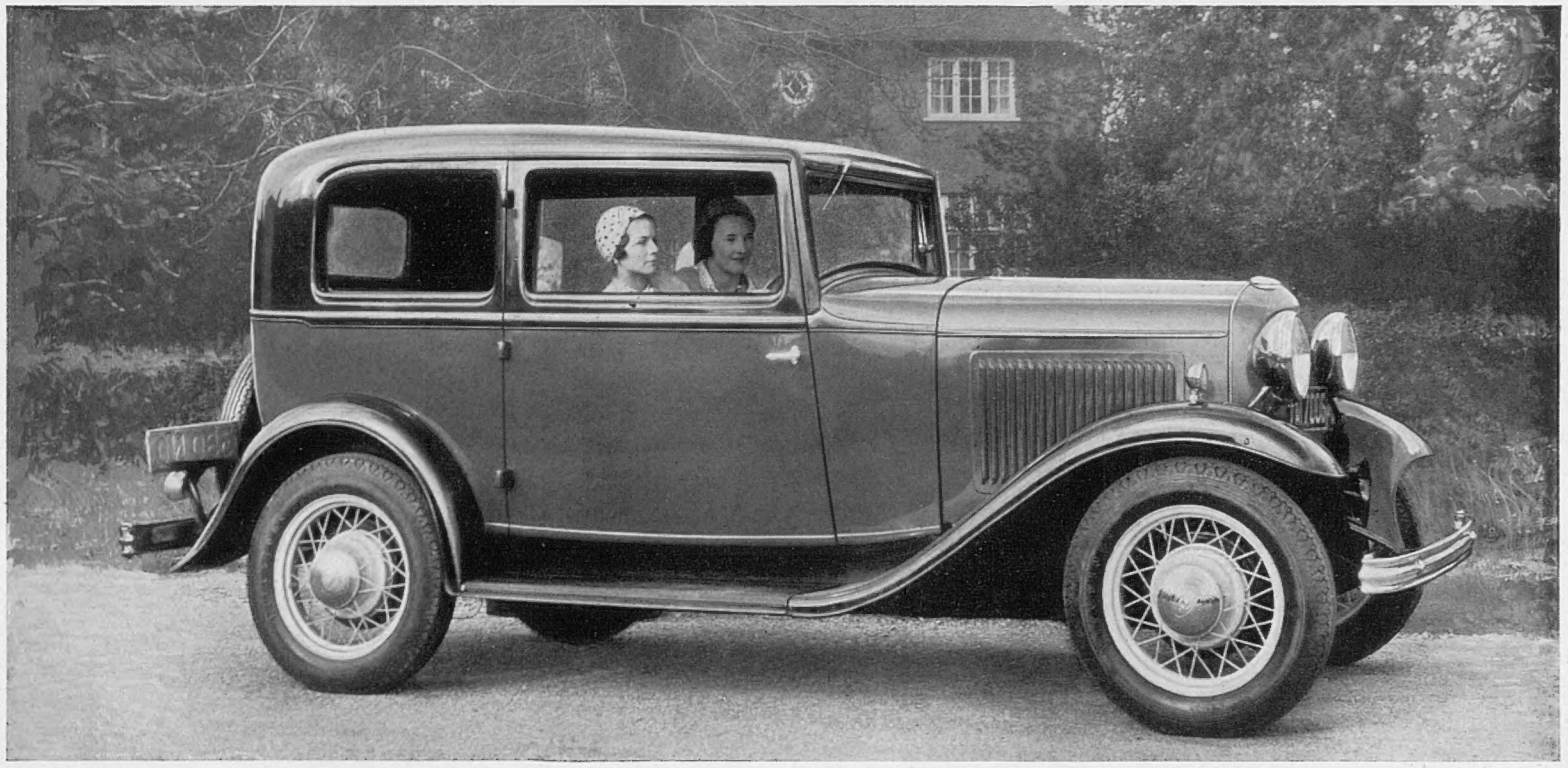

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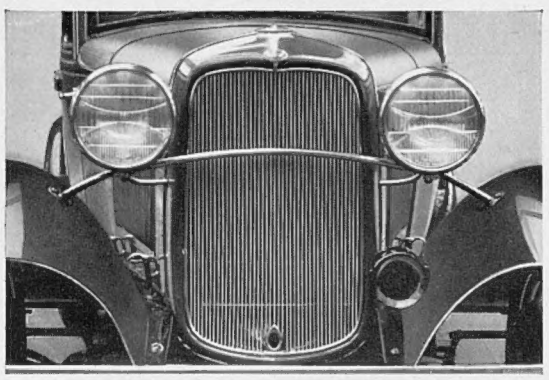
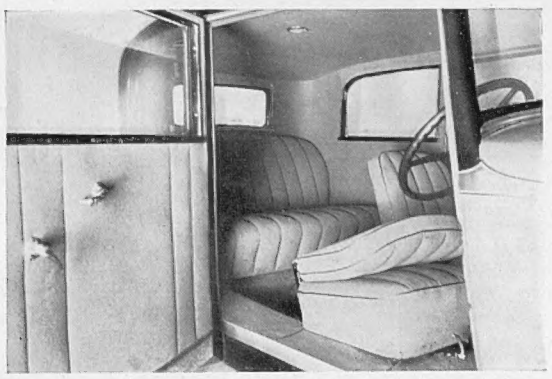


The "clean" frontal appearance of the new 14.9 h.p. Ford Tudor Saloon



Freedom of access to all seats is a notable feature of the all-steel one-piece bodywork

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EMPIRE BROADCASTING

(*Continued from p.* 482)

trouble is experienced owing to the arrival of the transmissions from two different directions. One part of the waves has taken the short eastward path; the other has travelled in a westerly direction more than three-quarters of the whole way round the world. The latter naturally takes a tiny fraction of a second more to perform its journey and the result, when this kind of thing is occurring, is a queer form of distortion, since each sound is received twice.

Any trouble of this kind will probably be avoided by the use of directional aerials, of which the new Daventry station has a complete outfit. When it is sending out its transmissions for the Indian zones special aerial designed for this purpose can be employed and the Empire transmitter becomes a narrow-caster instead of a broadcaster. There are also non-directional aerials that can be employed when it is desired to communicate simultaneously with the whole Empire.

Another peculiarity of the short waves is that there is a continual variation during the twenty-four hours of the wave-length which gives the best results, in different directions. As a result of the long series of experiments that has been made five wave-lengths between 13 and 50 metres have been allotted for Empire use, and changes from one to another will be made to suit the prevailing circumstances.

Short-wave figures are almost astronomical in their size. When a wave-length of 50 metres is in use no fewer than 6,000,000 waves reach a receiving aerial in each second of time. At 20 metres the number rises to 15,000,000, and at 13 metres it reaches the almost incredible figure of 23,000,000.

Hitherto dwellers in the distant parts of the Empire have had to rely for their home news upon such scraps as have been transmitted by American, Dutch, and other foreign short-wave stations. Now they have at their command the finest short-wave service in the world. Dominion and Colonial broadcasting concerns which wish to do so can pick up and relay through their medium-wave stations the entire home programme. But there is many a Briton living in some place in Australia, India, Africa, or in North America who is far beyond the reach of "local" broadcasting stations. So long as he has the simple apparatus needed he can listen in directly to the home programmes and keep in the closest touch with the Mother Country. Simple apparatus: that is one of the boons that the short waves confer. The Empire broadcasts should be receivable anywhere with nothing more ambitious than a small two-valve set operated by batteries. By means of the new short-wave station wireless has forged a mighty link in the chain that binds the British Empire together.

BATTERSEA'S POWER STATION

(*Continued from p.* 472)

will have a total cooling surface of 60,000 sq. ft., made up of over 11,000 tubes 1 in. external diameter. The total length of the tubes in both condensers amounts to nearly 45 miles and their total weight about 55 tons. The amount of river water for cooling purposes which has to be circulated through the condenser tubes amounts to 2,850,000 gallons per hour under normal load and river temperature conditions for each turbo set, but pump capacity is installed to supply, if necessary, up to 4,000,000 gallons per hour.

The first switch house will be 370 ft. by 85 ft. by 80 ft. high, and contains a first instalment of 51–66,000 volt switches. In addition to the 66,000 volt switchgear, there will also be installed in suitable locations in the station and boiler house 3–300 and 400 volt switchgear for controlling the output of the auxiliary generators and the auxiliary supplies to the various power and lighting circuits.

Very careful consideration has been paid to the question of preventing the emission of noxious fumes, and no expense has been spared in arriving at a definite solution to the problem. A great deal of experimental work has been carried out at the Grove Road Power Station under conditions less advantageous than will obtain at Battersea; and at the first-mentioned station, under working conditions, eliminations up to 95 per cent. of the sulphur oxides contained in the gases have been obtained.

Electric cables are considered the *nerve* of a power station, and much work has been carried out to accommodate those connecting Battersea to the other stations concerned, as well as the cables of the Central Electricity Board. In this connection 460 ft. of 8 ft. 3 in. diameter cast-iron tunnel has been driven and 653 ft. of 7 ft. by 6 ft. concrete subway has been constructed. A tunnel extending under the Thames from the station to the Grosvenor Embankment has also been driven. This Thames tunnel is 10 ft. internal diameter, 500 yards long, and is built on the same principle as the Underground Railway Tubes.

Space will not permit to give a complete detailed description of the many interesting characteristics to be found in the construction of this gigantic New Electric Power Station now nearing completion, but from the above description (information for which has been courteously given by Dr. S. L. Pearce, C.B.E., Engineer-in-Chief, of the London Power Company) and the pictures published, readers should be able to form a good opinion of the work involved in this modern undertaking of electrical power.

F. G. B.

PLAYS OF TO-DAY

(*Continued from p.* 479)

On classical lines was the new *Ophelia* ballet ("There is a willow grows aslant a brook"); here Mr. Frank Bridge's music was as good as Miss Wendy Toye's dancing and clever frieze-like arrangement.

And I discerned a young dancer in Miss Jean Gillie, who is surely gifted beyond measure.

The Infanta's Birthday I thought derivative when it was not merely silly. Miss Lutyens music was, however, on the right lines. *Adam and Eve* certainly had humour. But it owed nearly everything to that true genius, Mr. Anton Dolin, and to Mr. Constant Lambert's clean and refreshing music.

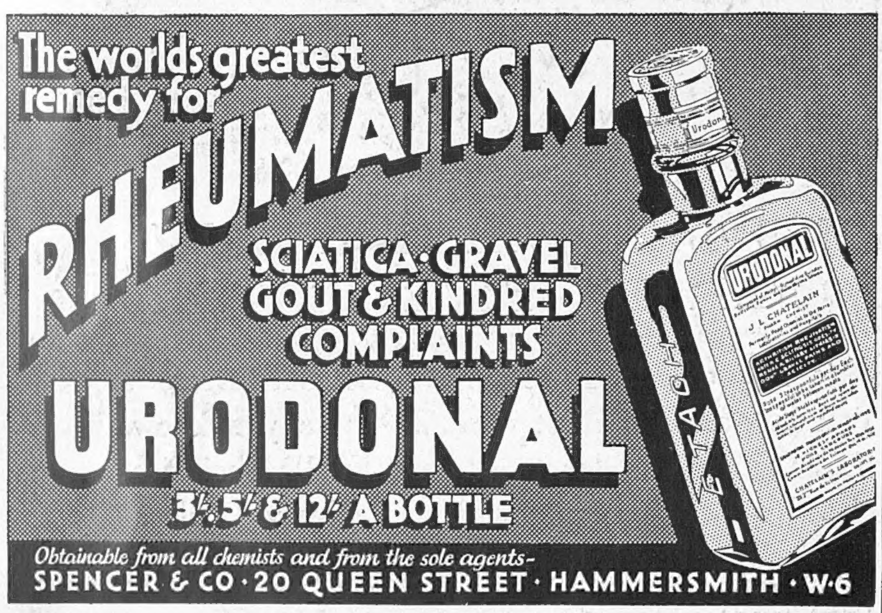
TO SAVE THE CHILDREN

On page 469 of this issue illustrations are given of various methods of teaching children road sense. How necessary this is may be gathered from the figures collected and analysed by the National "Safety First" Association which, in co-operation with the Ministry of Transport, is conducting a research into the circumstances of road accidents resulting in death which are reported in England and Wales during the six months from July to the end of the present year. From the beginning of 1933 the inquiry will be taken over by the Ministry of Transport under the powers conferred by the Road Traffic Act, 1930.

Twice as many boys as girls were killed, and more than half of the child victims were between the ages of three and eight. The most dangerous age is between four and five, and the casualties in these cases are almost entirely the result of running into the roadway. Among children between thirteen and sixteen years of age almost all the deaths were caused while cycling. It is stated that precipitate action by children is undoubtedly the principal contributory cause of death in almost every instance, but in the case of younger children reasoned action cannot always be expected, and extra watchfulness on the part of drivers can lessen the risk to children generally, especially when passing stationary vehicles.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

With reference to the appeal for £40,000 for the New *Arethusa* Training Ship, the Society is glad to report that, to date, donations have been received amounting to £5,000. There is still, however, £35,000 to meet. The very important work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Merchant Service must be carried on, and readers of THE SPHERE are earnestly asked to send donations towards the £35,000 still needed. Donations should be sent to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



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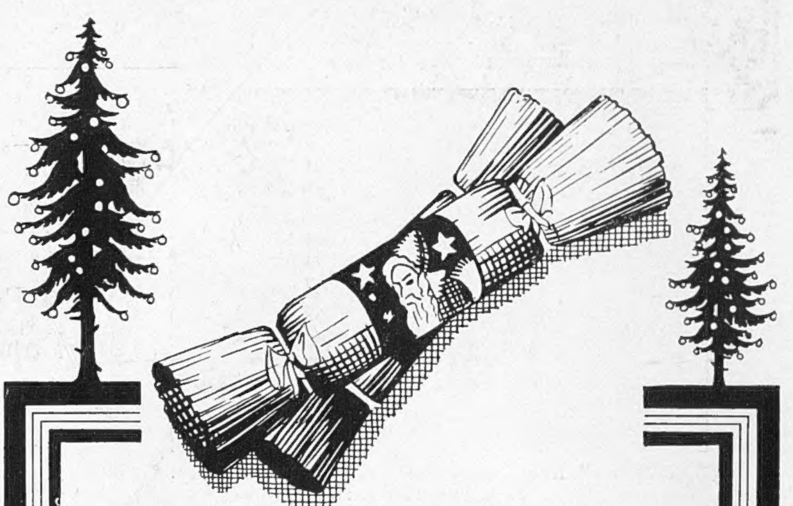

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